

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 17, No. 37 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 23, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 869
Per Annum (in advance), \$3.

Things in General

MAJOR GEORGE T. DENISON, JR., recently sent in his resignation from the Governor-General's Body Guard, and by his studious silence when asked to give his reasons for resigning is giving Lord Dundonald some very obvious points on military etiquette. For many years the G. B. G. was officered, controlled and made the excellent body of cavalry it is by the Denison family. Fortunately the Denisons were more military than political in their inclinations and the family enthusiasm was a good thing. The attempt to make the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons a preserve for the Baker family, whose instincts are political rather than military, was one of the causes of the row between Dundonald and the Ottawa Government. If the plan had been permitted to work out it would not have been a good thing for the Light Dragoons, and it would have been a bad thing for the Government. The point, however, is that Lord Dundonald permitted himself to be used by a few shrewd politicians, appears to have blown his whistle before he was ready to stop, has made trouble for himself and the Canadian Government, and caused anxiety to the friends of the Empire lest the friendly feeling between Canada and Great Britain may be chilled by his rash conduct. His insubordinate example may not have been the cause of Colonel Gregory's resignation or may have nothing to do with Major Denison's retirement, but it was sufficiently glaring to unsettle the discipline of the whole Canadian militia. Of discipline we have little enough in this country, and it is evident that it has not been improved by "me lud" getting on his high horse and prancing about as a persecuted hero. The comments of the British newspapers are much less complimentary than what Opposition journals are saying about him here. If he had acted as he did in Great Britain while on active service he would have probably been cashiered. The people of this country are perhaps unaware that he has shown his contempt for Canadians by doing in this country what he would not have thought of attempting on his native heath. He has been convinced that all Canada is with him, but he is mistaken. This country does not want a military power to be established within and independent of the civil government. In the South American republics the general of the forces heads nearly every revolution, unless he himself is the President or able to dictate to the man who occupies the office. We want nothing of that in Canada, and when the people who are now shouting for him come back to their sober senses they will see half a dozen different ways in which Lord Dundonald or someone else could have brought about all the military reforms that are necessary without unsettling the discipline of the militia, having a row with the Government, and putting the Dominion in a cheap and false light before the world in its relations with the Imperial authorities.

THE demonstration to Lord Dundonald on Friday night of last week, in the beginning was partly machine-made, the manipulators being enthusiastic military men, aided by zealous Conservative workers. In the end it resolved itself into a furious little wave of hero-worship gone mad. We are all hero-worshippers, and it perhaps does us no harm to forget the common and meaner things of life in an ebullition of sentiment, even if it is somewhat misdirected. It rather kills the one who merely reads of the thing and has not been carried away by the war, to hear that Lord Dundonald read his "scathing rebuke of the Government" from typewritten manuscript, that the horses were taken out of the carriage before the reception in Massey Hall began, and that sturdy hands were at the bellows filling the atmosphere with what turned many thoughtless heads. But there was so much that was genuine and spontaneous that it affords a good lesson to those over-prudent and undramatic people who are often sore because they are never made conspicuous by limelights on life's stage. Recklessness almost always suggests bravery and self-sacrifice, and in the beginning I do not think Lord Dundonald's break was a piece of "carefully calculated recklessness." I still hold that he could have accomplished everything he desired, and more than he has accomplished, and still observed the official etiquette the dignity of the Canadian Government demands. Both as a government and as individuals the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa have been taught a good lesson. Both they and their predecessors have been too much in the habit of treating men with high ideals and great personal enthusiasm for reforms, with the same rude cynicism with which they have met "graffers" poor in pocket as well as in brains. Cabinet Ministers, even in the provincial capitals, have been in the habit of being treated as little tin gods and yielding their ear only to men having some scheme to benefit the party or to enrich the campaign fund. Applicants for office have crawled before these Ministers and pestered them for place until rudeness and a bullying manner have become such important parts of the Ministerial demeanor as to be mistaken by some of these crude statesmen and their admirers as signs of dignified greatness. Supporters refusing to crouch have been either bullied or crushed into silence, and it is well that a man of the Dundonald disposition has shown these petty autocrats that they must not reserve their politeness and urbanity for electioneering trips and party banquets.

While there is so much that is regrettable in the Dundonald incident that even the "News" seems to be less than half-proud of having become such a violent partizan, there is also much which will help to clear the political air. Evils and blessings are so often badly mixed that it is probably wise for us to cultivate the philosophy of the curate when he was breaking fast with the bishop, who, noting that something was wrong, said he was afraid the young man had got a bad egg. "Oh, no, your Lordship," replied the curate, "some parts of it are excellent."

One of the "parts of it" which is not excellent in the Dundonald affair seems to be the readiness with which some Canadians accept criticism of their Government from a man of high station, while resenting it, or at least not carefully analyzing it, when made by a plain though patriotic fellow citizen. Tuft-hunting and that phase of hero-worship which too readily and unquestioningly selects a patrician as an object of adulation, is unbecomingly. That the popular heart was moved entirely by the warlike deeds and alleged persecution of Dundonald I do not quite believe. Early last spring when the annual meeting of the subscribers to, and directors of, the Home for Incubables was being held, Colonel Elliott, a man who held the late Majesty's commission before many of us were born, tried to "turn on the searchlight" by asking a question. He had proved an annoyance to the large Board composed of many people of social and philanthropic prominence in this city, having criticized the accounts and management of the Home much as Lord Dundonald criticized the Department of Militia. His criticism had been tactless, violent and persistent, and though they had or should have had reason to know that since his retirement on half-pay—over twenty years ago—he has been a welcome visitor in hospitals, prisons and charities the world over, and sincere in his desire to help the poor and unfortunate, yet his effort to "turn on the searchlight" resulted in the chairman, the Lieutenant-Governor of this province, ordering him to be silent, and when he persisted in asking a reasonable question ordering him to be put out. The pugnacious old colonel hung on to the back of a seat, and was torn loose with difficulty, his hand being severely injured and his thumb turned back in a most painful manner. The incident was reported by the newspapers, some of them seeming to think it rather funny, and none of them, apparently, considering that it had not served the old man right. The Veterans did not take the matter up, there was no invitation for him to state his grievance in Massey Hall, nobody enquired whence he came or seemed to care a continental what became of him. Unless I am misinformed, he has occupied exceedingly important and responsible positions in the Ordnance Department of H. M. Service, means well, and is quite sane, though those who with-

out protest saw him ejected are said to believe that he is "batty." Even if he were not of sound mind it was no way to treat a soldierly, bright and apparently courteous man between seventy and eighty years old, and does not indicate that in Toronto there is such a deep-seated desire for fair play as the Opposition newspapers claim was proved by the Dundonald demonstration.

THE "News" urges that "Mr. Borden's declared position in favor of state ownership of the National Transcontinental Railway" must logically lead him to include the postal service, the telegraph and telephone systems. The "News" thinks now is the time that this should be done, as new telegraph companies will be formed by both the Canadian Northern and G. T. Pacific, making the acquirement of the telegraph lines more difficult in the future. The "News" position is incontrovertible. Those who will take the pains to read the somewhat lengthy article beginning on this page will probably decide that in Ontario the Provincial Government had better establish full state control of the schools before discussing the extension of state ownership in other directions. In view of Mr. Justice MacMahon's recent decision "now" appears to be the time.

ONE of the events of the week has been the exchange of courtesies between the "World" and the "Star." The latter, adopting the role of candid friend, has been telling Mr. W. F. Maclean that he is a notorious self-advertiser, distrusted by everybody, particularly his own political friends, and instead of being the best friend of public ownership has proven its worst enemy in the Dominion Parliament, where nobody is willing to support his two cents a mile scheme or any other of the projects by which he seeks

to advance himself. In effect the "Star" intimates that Mr. Maclean's fellow members of Parliament really sink their own inclinations and violate their principles lest the member for East York get credit for what hundreds of people in Canada favor as strongly as he does. In turn Mr. Maclean has intimated that the "Star" is almost entirely owned, and entirely controlled, by some person or corporation with sinister designs on public rights and the public purse. In fact, the "World" intimates that the "Star's" sign does not indicate either the name of the owner or the owner's purpose; that it is a sort of "fence" doing a graft business as a newspaper. If they keep on talking it is to be feared that the public will soon learn altogether too much of the newspaper business.



A SUGGESTION FOR A NEW STATUE TO BE PLACED IN THE CITY HALL.

plan of having a few good principles and sticking to them no matter whether your friends or impulses incline you to violate them, is much better for the community, but by many is thought an old-fogy and worn-out method. It is well to call attention, however, to the fact that in the case in question both Thompson and Richardson got the worst of it, and from this time out will proceed to dislike one another. Like Alderman Woods, they once thought what they did was "smart." Even if the last named person has not yet received his full measure of punishment he may be sure that it is coming to him. He gave away a young clerical friend who thoughtlessly tried to help him in an irregular way, has been called down by the judge, and yet retains his seat in the City Council, though the daily newspapers have told him that his conduct is "indecent." If the troubles of his daily life and the scorn of his fellow citizens are not punishment enough he will not have to wait till he dies to get the balance of it, even in as tolerant a town as Toronto.

THE announcement by Mr. Monet, M.P. for Laprairie-Naperville, that he will not again be a candidate, gives quite sufficient reasons for withdrawing from public life. His refusal to submit to the Liberal caucus embarrasses his leaders and colleagues, and he has not sufficient means to neglect his profession or go into a political contest without aid "from the party fund." Without referring to Mr. Monet's connection with the web band of Bourassa's bombardiers, Canada should applaud Mr. Monet's retirement, as he claims neither special ability nor a special mission. No man should go to Parliament at the sacrifice of his family's comfort unless he determines that he has a patriotic mission for which great sacrifices must be made. Neither should any man accept money from a party fund unless he proposes to do as the party leaders direct. I cannot see that any man can afford to be a candidate for Parliament who cannot pay his own expenses and either live on his indemnity while away from his business or be prepared to dip into his private means. Party funds are necessary to keep up an organization, to send speakers to help candidates and to provide literature for distribution. Any "fund" contemplating more than this indicates not only rottenness in the constituency, but corruption at the headquarters of the party. As was more than once shown in election trials, the candidate who accepts money from the party boodle is not above stealing it from the allies

of the grafters who subscribed it. No man can be self-respecting or independent in Parliament who accepts the money of those who propose to own him when elected. The "party-owned candidate" is apt to be not satisfied with having one hand in the party fund, but to be burning with anxiety to have the other hand in the public pocket. It is to this "degenerate breed" the Member of Parliament belongs who is always favoring corporations in an effort to swell the "party fund" and "to get in on the deal" to more directly swell his own fund. There are too many of this breed in Parliament.

WITHOUT being unduly censorious of the Canadian Associated Press cable service, which receives a subsidy of \$15,000 a year from the Dominion Government, I have several times called attention to the trivial matters wired to this country at so much per word. Following is a sample: "London, July 19.—The 'Chronicle' says that sixty years of Canadian enterprise from a sleepy colony into an enterprising, confident nation, is summed up in the astonishing diamond jubilee number of the Toronto 'Globe.' It is full of interest and by English readers will be filed as an historical document." I do not in the slightest degree begrudge the "Globe" the well-deserved and exceedingly complimentary notice which the "Chronicle" and many other papers have given its anniversary number; indeed, I am glad to quote the cablegram, as I had forgotten to add my quota of praise but I protest that the cable service was not intended for any such purpose. No doubt daily rivals of the "Globe" have no stomach for that sort of thing, and it is evidently unfair that they should be called upon to pay a portion of the cost.

Imperium in Imperio.

ON the surface it would seem that those who do not use or pay for a thing have no right to discuss its use, or even its existence. Such a theory is, of course, impracticable. There are many things that we neither use, pay for, nor desire, which owing to their use or abuse by others become intolerable nuisances. The manufacture, sale and use of everything liable to do damage or cause inconvenience, not only to the purchasers and users of the article, but to others, are limited by law. In making laws the good of the whole community must be considered, and thus many things become everybody's business, though but few are directly concerned. I was reminded the other evening that I pay school taxes, though I do not use Public schools. The same is true of tens of thousands of taxpayers all over Ontario. No complaint is made, because it is universally recognized that a primary education is absolutely necessary to a good citizenship. Thousands of people pay extra taxes in this province because of the exemption from taxation of hundreds of costly buildings and an immense area of valuable land owned or occupied by religious bodies who are supposed to be entirely separated from the State, but are thus partially supported by involuntary contributions from the general public. The argument for the continuance of exemptions is that these churches or institutions are necessary to a good citizenship, and consequently, like schools, should be aided by the State. Of course the argument proves too much and consequently proves nothing at all. If, like schools, these churches are necessary to the State, why are attendance at church and the payment of church tax, not made obligatory? In some countries it is so, and so of the most worthless religionists and unreliable citizens a produced. As the support and control of schools, the enforced attendance of primary pupils, the proper qualification of teachers, careful and patriotic preparation of schoolbooks, and the proper equipment and sanitation of schoolrooms, have been shown to be absolutely necessary to the health of the State, so it has been amply proven that any obligatory support of churches, compulsory acceptance of creeds, punishment of heresies, are most disastrous and destructive. It has also been shown that no attempt to unite the functions of Public schools and churches has been successful—considering success, of course, from the statesman's point of view, which regards as paramount the preparation of generation after generation of children for the duties of citizenship, the upbuilding of the nation, and the consolidation of all creeds and classes into a homogeneous, patriotic community. On the other hand, Voluntaryism, in Great Britain and British countries at least, has been demonstrated to work vastly better than a State religion supported by taxes and honey-combed with politics and priestcraft. Voluntaryism can be proven by such statistics as are available to result in the obtaining by the churches of much larger contributions than could be gathered by tithes or taxes without raising a rebellion in a free country, and the citizenship as well as the piety of the adherents of churches not supported by the State is proven in the main, and amongst the masses, to be better. It is unnecessary to ramble back into history, but it is just as well to remember the admission that Great Britain's supreme greatness dates from Cromwell and all that his period means. The decadence of countries clinging to compulsory religious rites and recognitions in the face of more modern and civilized methods need not be dwelt upon, though it is well to bear in mind the systems of education and religion pursued in those countries which are in a chronic state of unrest or revolution.

As I am hoping for a careful consideration of a question vital at least to the well-being of Ontario and the Western Provinces, still in the formative stage, I have thought it well to indulge in an unusual and somewhat lengthy introduction. It is better at present, perhaps, to limit the question to Ontario, where the present agitation is being conducted. The main question is this: Can we with safety encourage or permit the retention, extension and entrenchment of a governing body within and claiming to be superior to the State? To be more definite, is over eighty per cent. of the population of this province to view without protest or resistance the extension and solidification of an organization which has obtained recognition as having interests, aims and methods separate from, and in many respects out of harmony with, if not opposed to, the interests, aims and methods of an educated and tolerant majority? We speak of our Government as a monarchy, of our methods as those of a democracy. For convenience sake I refer to this organization as the Hierarchy, meaning thereby the executive council of bishops and rulers representing the Church of Rome in this province, a still greater Hierarchy existing for directing the Dominion of Canada. In speaking of the leaders of this church I have not the slightest intention of reflecting upon or belittling the piety and good works of individuals. With its creed as to spiritual matters I have no complaint; indeed, it seems to me better than several others. To the adherents of the church I make no reference, for I am not speaking of individuals, but of an organization. It is with the assumption of temporal power, with the usurpation of functions which are assumed in free countries to be entirely secular and belonging to the State, that the citizens of this country have to do. It is my business and everybody's business to watch how the national structure is being erected, to point out the flaws in the foundation, and to enter such protests as seem demanded by the circumstances. The special occasion demanding the serious attention of those who believe in civil and religious liberty is fortunately not one created by a quarrel between Protestants and Catholics, but is the result of the protest of a Roman Catholic citizen and schoolteacher against the limitation, if not abolition, of his opportunities to follow his profession in this province. The issue has been squarely set, and as it is fortunately free from every element involving sectarian bigotry or religious fanaticism it is to be hoped it can be discussed in a purely national and dispassionate tone.

Mr. J. W. Grattan, president of the Eastern Ontario Bilingual Teachers' Association, recently brought an injunction against the Separate School Board of Ottawa to prevent that body entering into a ten years' contract with the Christian Brothers to take charge of tuition in the Separate schools

In the parish of Notre Dame in Ottawa. Mr. Justice MacMahon heard the case, and last week gave judgment, summarized in one of the daily papers as follows: "That, as the Brothers are not qualified as prescribed by the regulations of the Education Department, the contract between them and the trustees is invalid. The alteration made in the Separate Schools Act in 1896 was solely for the benefit of those who were in 1867 qualified teachers. Mr. Justice MacMahon holds that the expenditure of money by the trustees for the erection of a residence, chapel, cells, dormitory, etc., is entirely beyond the power of the trustees. An injunction restraining the Separate school trustees from entering into the proposed contract with the Brothers was granted."

It would prolong this article to an unreadable length if the contract, decision and statutory clauses were quoted in full, though all of these will be given later if desired. The decision of Mr. Justice MacMahon, it is said, will be appealed—probably to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. If the decision is upheld it will mean either an entire reorganization of the Separate schools of this province, the submission of the religious orders to governmental examination and the taking out of certificates such as are held by the lay teachers, or the Government's forced refusal to recognize the schools in which they teach as legally entitled to taxes raised from Separate school supporters, and the consequent withholding of the share of the provincial school grant, which is computed on average attendance and in 1904 amounted to \$1.06 per unit or per capita. The reorganization of the Separate schools, if the decision is upheld and the Provincial Government does not interfere, must necessarily involve the employment of none but properly certificated teachers, or their transformation into parish schools supported by the Church and unaided by the State. The other alternative must be the submission of the Christian Brothers and the Nuns to the requirements of the Education Act, which requires teachers to pass an examination and receive a training in pedagogy involving attendance at model or normal schools, provided for by the province. It is claimed, fallaciously it will appear later on, that the qualifications and teaching ability of the Orders concerned are quite up to the required standard, and that the individuals have not submitted to the requirements because of their membership in partially cloistered orders. Which method may be adopted in case of Justice MacMahon's decision not being upheld it is unnecessary now to consider; the point at issue is that a court has held that illegal practices were proposed in the contract made by the Ottawa Separate School Board with the Christian Brothers, and that the rights of a citizen of this province were, and are, thereby seriously threatened.

Again let the fact be impressed that this dispute has nothing whatever to do with the truth or error of any religious doctrine or the right of anybody to recognize whatever creed he or she sees fit, but is purely a question of civil rights. The trouble in Ottawa and in this province which has come to a climax is not a new one, and some of the steps leading up to the present situation may very well be recalled. In the Roman Catholic Church, as in every other church, some of the members are more liberal and progressive in their views than others. It will be remembered that in Toronto nearly a score years ago, and recurring in milder forms several times since, there was an agitation for a more progressive management of the Separate schools. It was considered that the first step necessary was to have the ballot take the place of the open vote. The open vote still exists in this case, though I do not recall any other such important matter which is not now decided by ballot. In voting by ballot the progressive Catholics thought they would be able to elect more lay members of the School Board, and thus reduce the ecclesiastical power. In fact, if not in words, Archbishop Lynch claimed that the Church had the right to decide as to who should be trustees of the Separate schools, thus leaving those elected in the rather anomalous position of being mere figureheads. His claim, successful at the time I believe, remains practically unchallenged by any influential section of the Church since his death. In Peterborough, if I remember correctly, shortly afterwards there was a dispute as to whether a Separate school house was church property. The school-house, of course, was built by taxes raised for Separate school purposes, but as a matter of fact I believe Catholics everywhere have been led to admit that the Separate school buildings are almost if not quite as much under the direction of the bishops as the church buildings themselves. Soon afterwards there was a dispute between the same elements of the same Church over the fixing of the curriculum and the appointing of teachers, this time in Ottawa, where Bishop Duhamel held that it was a purely ecclesiastical matter. Other encroachments by the bishops on the authority of the Separate School Boards, and the consequent deterioration, or at least failure of these schools to improve, led to the withdrawal of a considerable number of Catholic children, who were sent to Public schools. At this point Archbishop Cleary of Kingston capped the climax by claiming for the Church the right to control the children in educational matters, and by threatening the parents who sent their children to Public schools when Separate schools were available, with excommunication from the privileges of the Church. I can readily understand how formidable this threat must be to devout people. It

includes, I believe, a refusal of the sacrament, the last rites for the dying, and the burial in consecrated ground of the dead. The law provides no machinery of which I am aware by which an injunction could be obtained preventing the carrying out of this threat, and it had its effect. The bishops are apparently still busy pushing forward the formation of Separate schools. In Windsor not long ago the Bishop of London forced these schools on the Roman Catholics of that locality, though they were working in perfect harmony with the Public School Board, and had their share of Catholic teachers to an extent which made it unnecessary for Catholic children to be taught by Protestants. To summarize this phase of it, the Hierarchy, quite within the memory of those not past middle age, have practically declared that they own and control the trustees, the buildings, the teachers, the curriculum, the text-books, and the children who may attend Separate schools, and the bishops are still active in the extension of their school system.

In Ottawa the difficulty is increased by the lack of harmony between the English and French-speaking Catholics. The Christian Brothers is an order of French origin and highly in favor with the French population. Ten years ago they and the Nuns had the tuition of all the Separate schools. The Ontario Government in its excessive anxiety not to be considered bigoted, provided at that time two Separate school inspectors—since increased to four—that these ecclesiastical training institutions shall not be criticized or profaned by any unbeliever. In 1894 or 1895, I believe it was, Separate School Inspector White, who had the reputation of being a thoroughly competent man, reported strongly against the efficiency of the work done by the Christian Brothers in the Ottawa schools. The Ontario Government, thus forced to take action, adopted the easy and procrastinating plan of appointing a Commission, which reported in the latter year that the work of the Nuns was fairly satisfactory, but that of the Christian Brothers was not satisfactory. This Commission was composed of Dr. Ryan, a much-esteemed Roman Catholic of Kingston, Principal Scott of the Toronto Normal School, and Inspector Tilley of the Ontario Model Schools. The result was the dismissal of the Christian Brothers from the teaching staff of the Ottawa Separate schools. Efforts to restore this teaching brotherhood to the control of the schools have been unceasing, and the contract set aside by Mr. Justice MacMahon appears to have been the result, though the Ontario Government, in its efforts to cultivate the friendship of the Hierarchy, appointed Separate School Inspector White to the principalship of the Ottawa Normal School on the death of Principal McCabe, probably with the idea of inducing more Roman Catholics to take up the teaching profession, an idea which has no doubt resulted in many Roman Catholics therabouts qualifying themselves as lay teachers.

Now comes a phase of the case which no doubt prompted Mr. Grattan to bring his action. Throughout Ontario the Hierarchy has been making great efforts to oust the lay teachers from the Separate schools. In all the large cities, and indeed in a large number of the smaller cities, towns and incorporated villages, the teaching of the Separate schools has been given so generally into the hands of the Christian Brothers and the Nuns as to bid fair to be a universal practice throughout the province, except in the case of country schools. The Nuns, for whom I have the highest respect, never engage in rural schools, nor indeed in any localities where there cannot be three of them together, one to keep house, and two at least to teach. With the Christian Brothers I believe it is the same. Thus little or nothing is left for the lay teacher but the rural Separate school, which is almost invariably in competition with a Public school, and consequently seldom well equipped or affording a reasonable salary. While the anxiety of the bishops to have religious orders in control of the training of the children is manifested by urging their parishioners to obtain teachers who will look after the moral and spiritual well-being of the children, the question of cost enters considerably into the consideration of the Separate school trustees, who are bound to administer the funds at their disposal not only to please the Church, but to make as good a showing as possible with the people. The average salary paid to the Nuns is about \$200 per annum, which until recently was all that was paid a Christian Brother. The Ottawa contract upset by Mr. Justice MacMahon provided for the employment of Christian Brothers at \$250 per annum, while the principal was to be paid \$300. A residence in each locality is provided, the cost of which has presumably been taken out of the Separate school taxes, though in the Ottawa case, such a residence having been stipulated for, Mr. Justice MacMahon states that money raised for Separate school purposes could not be employed in anything but the Separate schools, and not in providing a residence.

Another element of popularity possessed by the Christian Brothers and many of the Nuns in Eastern Ontario is their ability to teach in French, which is not always coupled with a good knowledge of English. Very recently some of the Hibernian societies in the counties adjacent to Ottawa declined to make any contribution towards the Ottawa University unless it were made what it has not been—an English-speaking institution. Indeed, the whole tendency in the counties adjacent to Quebec has been to cultivate the French language in the schools, public and otherwise, to the great detriment of English. So great was the manifestation of this impulse that fifteen years ago it developed into a scandal, which was investigated by a Commission appointed by the Ontario Government in 1889 or 1890. The commissioners reported that some of the Nuns were unqualified, a number of them deficient in English; some of the Public schools had been Romanized to the extent of possessing an altar, crucifix, and pictures of saints; text-books sometimes consisted mostly of French and Catholic works, and the primary classes were not infrequently taught from the syllabus, a sort of Catholic Catechism. A considerable effort was made by the Ontario Government to remedy this condition of things, how successfully it will probably take another Commission to find out, though recently an inspector has been appointed of French Separate schools in Ontario—a rather queer combination! Bi-lingual readers—French and English page about page in use in these schools, and probably some knowledge of English is being acquired. The salaries paid are trivial, and probably, as before the commissioners were sent, the teachers are largely recruited from the Province of Quebec. There has been, apparently, an honest effort on the part of some of the teachers to bring these bi-lingual schools up to a higher standard, and Mr. Grattan, the plaintiff in the action which has caused so much discussion, is, or was, president of the Eastern Ontario Bi-Lingual Teachers' Association.

If we look at the whole subject from what is probably Mr. Grattan's point of view, we will perhaps appreciate the gravity of the situation which faces not only the bi-lingual teachers, but all the Roman Catholic lay teachers in Ontario. The bishops, all-powerful in the Separate schools, are using every possible effort not only to increase these schools in number, but to equip them with teachers from the religious orders. As I have previously stated, nearly all except a few rural schools are being taught by the Brothers and the Nuns on salaries in the neighborhood of \$200 a year. Lay teachers who have to pay for their education, attend model schools for three or four months to obtain professional status for a third-class certificate, good only for three years, but renewable, or attend a Normal for a school year to obtain a higher qualification, cannot do so with a prospect of obtaining an occasional country school at a starvation salary. Almost every prize in the shape of graded schools in cities, towns and incorporated villages having been handed over to the religious orders, that they will soon be the sole teachers in graded Separate schools unless they are forced to qualify according to Government regulations is evident to Mr. Grattan and his colleagues, as well as to every observant person. In Ottawa, where thirty or thirty-five Christian Brothers were dismissed after the report of the Government Commission in 1895, the salaries of lay teachers have been reasonably good, reaching in the case of principals as high as seven or eight hundred dollars per year. The untiring intrigue which led to the recent contract for a renewal in Ottawa of the services of the Brothers, pronounced ten years ago inefficient by Separate School Inspector White, whose strong report was unanimously upheld by the commissioners, one of whom, Dr. Ryan, was a prominent Roman Catholic and ex-teacher, can mean nothing less to the Bi-Lingual Teachers' Association, if it is successfully carried out, than that tuition in all the Separate schools of Ottawa will be turned over to the religious orders, though the Separate schools of that city received for 1904, as their share of the Provincial grant of public money, \$3,975.00, while the Public schools in the same city received only \$3,497.00! (Ed. Dept., circular 22—page 9.) How meaningless, then, will be the Ottawa Normal School, which a too complaisant Government provided, partially at least, for the training of bi-lingual and Separate school teachers. What will teachers like Mr. Grattan, who have spent time and money in qualifying themselves, have to hope for in the way of employment? Nothing, apparently, but an occasional opportunity to teach a Separate school in some of the rural districts of Ontario.

Here, then, has been for many years a lax administration

of the law, which has worked to the injury of properly qualified citizen teachers who should have had ample opportunities in the Separate schools. In Toronto, employing 80 instructors, I can only hear of two or three lay and properly certificated teachers in the Separate schools, which received in 1904 from the legislative school grant \$3,762—a trifle less than Ottawa. Individual members of the orders may possess Government certificates which could not be traced on enquiry at the Department of Education.

There is absolutely nothing to encourage the young men and women of the Roman Catholic Church of this province to qualify themselves as schoolteachers. Competition with the religious orders is impossible; soon no employment will be obtainable. It may be asked, why are they not employed in Public schools? The Roman Catholic community has taken great pains to SEPARATE itself from the Public schools, and thus from 83 per cent. of the people, wherever the bishops have found it possible to do so, and it would be a little more than can be expected from human nature for those who have watched this separatist movement with irritated toleration, if not distrust, to give positions to Roman Catholic teachers when sufficient non-Catholic applicants offer themselves. Recall the recent case of a dismissal from a Toronto collegiate institute, now bigotry was urged as the reason for the dissatisfaction of the trustees. It is seldom that a Roman Catholic obtains charge of a Public school, except in a neighborhood where the establishment of a Separate school can be prevented by the employment of a teacher having the confidence of the Church. These cases are not sufficiently numerous to alter the result, and if Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision is not upheld the young people of the Catholic Church will have little ambition, unless qualifying themselves for other professions, to require or seek a higher education. Indeed, how can they, unless their parents have money, save up the sum required for a high education if they have not the teaching profession as a stepping-stone?

The grievance of Mr. Grattan and his colleagues can thus be seen to be far more serious than it appears on the surface, and it is pertinent for others than those directly concerned to enquire why the Ontario Government has tolerated this condition of things, so evidently to the disadvantage not only of the Roman Catholics in having inferior primary schools, an injustice to lay teachers and a discouragement of the search for higher education amongst Roman Catholic youths, but to the disadvantage and discomfort of the whole community in having an extraneous government controlling the preparation for citizenship of such a large number of children. The Government, of course, claim that they have never been called upon to interpret the meaning of the clause upon which Mr. Justice MacMahon based his decision. It reads: "The teachers of a Separate school under this Act shall be subject to the same examinations and receive their certificates of qualification, IN THE SAME MANNER AS PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS GENERALLY; but the PERSONS qualified by law as teachers either in the Province of Ontario, or at the time of the passing of the British North America Act, shall be considered qualified teachers for the purpose of this Act." As a matter of fact they have been interpreting it every year that they have allowed these improperly equipped schools to receive their share of the provincial grant, which was before stated to amount to \$1.06 per unit of average attendance. The Government has been aware of the employment, not in isolated instances, but generally, of those who have no certificates of qualification obtained "in the same manner as Public school teachers," and as thirty-seven years have elapsed since Confederation, and 870 Separate school teachers were last year employed, 870 of whom belonged to religious orders, the Government could not possibly have thought that these uncertificated "persons" were working as having been qualified teachers before the B.N.A. Act was passed. The contention of the Hierarchy is that the Act referred to communities and not to persons, and that the clause quoted enables the religious communities teaching before Confederation to teach now. The Act, however, specifies "persons," and I cannot see how the learned judge could possibly interpret it any other way than he did. The Ontario Government, however, was evidently constrained to tacitly interpret it as Oliver Mowat, speaking in London, some time before he went into Federal politics, in his somewhat vague manner indicated, his belief that "communities" were included. According to Mr. Justice MacMahon the clause meant that the persons qualified under the law of either Ontario or Quebec could teach after Confederation as before, just as the law which changed the system of superintendents of schools in this province into inspectors of schools stated that those who were qualified as superintendents before the Act, might continue their duties.

This mis-interpretation by the Government has intensified the trouble, until now the sudden reorganization of the entire Separate school system, instead of the gradual change which was contemplated, will be a genuine inconvenience. No doubt if the law is upheld the bishops will appeal to the Legislature for relief, and here is where the real row will begin. The Hierarchy has taken every possible advantage of the weakness and complaisance of politicians and deserves no consideration whatever. The children who are attending school, however, deserve every possible attention, and if the supply of properly certificated teachers, whether they are Roman Catholics or not, falls short of the demand, some extension of time during which the members of the religious orders can qualify, or lay Separate school teachers prepare themselves, should be granted, but not otherwise. The extension of time, however, should be made exceedingly brief, and only such as is actually necessary to the continuance of the education of the Separate school children, from the public point of view and not from any point of view which the Hierarchy may endeavor to establish. The "Evening Telegram" of this city appears to think that the bishops have nothing to fear. It says, "The Ontario Hierarchy, which exercises its supposed constitutional right to determine who shall and who shall not teach in the Separate schools, need not tremble. Its every ecclesiastical privilege is secure, and if the courts interpret the law so as to abridge the sovereignty of the Ontario Hierarchy its leader has but to speak the word and the Legislature will hasten to obey. Ontario is represented in its Government, in its Opposition, and in its Legislature, by a set of thorough-paced political cowards and trimmers who dare not call their souls their own if they were quite sure that they had souls."

The history of the Legislature justifies this expression of rude contempt. The Government, no matter whether led by a Mowat, a Hardy or a Ross, has hastened to obey the orders of the Hierarchy no matter whether it was to the advantage of the Roman Catholic citizens, the province, or the country. Since the retirement of Mr. Meredith the Opposition has been, if anything, more subservient to the Bishops than the Government. While Catholic France has been expelling the religious orders which would not submit themselves to government regulations, breaking up the schools taught by unregistered communities, and providing school-rooms for teachers for the children, the Province of Ontario, where five out of six people are non-Catholics, has been encouraging the giving over of the Separate schools to religious orders, though in one particular and glaring instance a Commission reported the Christian Brothers—putting it mildly—to be inefficient, and there is no evidence offered to show that they have improved.

Again, to summarize: Mr. Justice MacMahon, who has been referred to by an irritated ecclesiastical "as a Catholic judge" who knows no more about the religious communities than if he were a Protestant, has opened by his decision some 870 school positions now held by members of religious orders, with a world-wide mission and no local habitation, to 870 lay teachers, citizens of Ontario, qualified and legalized by our province. Do the Roman Catholics desire this to be reversed either by appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council or the Legislature? If their devotion to their Church makes them equal to the sacrifice, is the devotion of 83 per cent. of the non-Catholic population to their province, their ideals of government, education and freedom, to count as nothing? Is the non-Catholic majority and the considerable section of the liberal Catholic minority to be traded, between the Hierarchy and the politicians, like spavined auction plugs are traded by the gypsies who have neither home nor country? Next week I will take up some other phases of this subject. DON.

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

Before going away for vacation please remember that it is no more trouble to send your copy of "Saturday Night" to your new address. If you will notify us it will be attended to promptly. If you receive your copy through a newsdealer he will be glad to attend to it for you. Depend upon it, upon mountain or lake, at the resort, on the farm, your "Saturday Night" will be doubly welcome. Price, one month, 20c, three months 50c, yearly \$2.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

MILLINERY GLOVES CORSETS

Paris Kid Glove Store

11 and 13 King Street East

Last Year's Designs

are not good enough for this year's trade with us. They may be as good in themselves but our patrons do not care to see the same wall-papers as their own in every other house they enter. There are enough new designs and our stock is large enough to give you something different from your neighbor.

Sole agents for Butcher's Boston Floor Polish.

The Elliott & Son Co., Limited.

79 KING STREET WEST

GOWANS KENT & CO

CUT GLASS

The finest cut glass made in the world

Made in Canada

We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers profit and the duty.

14-16 FRONT ST. E.

We make the

New Box-Pleated Skirt

Also Sun-Burst, Accordion Pleated Ruffles.

FEATHERBONE NOVELRY MFG. CO., Limited

46 Richmond St. West, TORONTO.
Phone—Main 1833
MONTREAL OFFICE
16 Birks' Building.

Summer Resort Visitors

requiring flowers for the weekly dance or hop need only send their orders to Dunlop's and be sure of receiving the freshest and best flowers possible to procure.

Dunlop's

Flowers are guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Send for descriptive price list.

5 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO

See our Stock of

- ICE BOXES
- MEGAPHONES
- SPARKLET SYMPHONS
- FLAGS for Decorating
- LIFE BELTS and BUOYS
- VERANDAH CHAIRS
- ICE CREAM FREEZERS, Etc.

GOODS USEFUL FOR SUMMER COTTAGES

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto.

THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA

TORONTO BRANCH—J. A. READY, Manager.

Women's Department. Women are invited to make use of the Women's Room, which is separate from the Commercial Department, and in which special Banking facilities have been provided for their convenience. EDITH LAMBE, Manager Women's Department.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE: 78 Church St. Toronto
Branch "A": 522 Queen W. Cor. Hackney

ASSETS, \$3,000,000.00

3 1/2% Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards. Withdrawable by Cheques.

OFFICE HOURS: 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. SATURDAYS 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.
OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT 7 to 9 O'CLOCK.
JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Always at Hand

(free for the asking) that tells about a Trust Company as an agent.

The Trusts & Guarantee Co., Limited

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED, - - \$2,000,000.00
CAPITAL PAID UP, - - - 800,000.00
Office and Safe Deposit Vaults: 14 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

New Black Dress Fabrics

in advance of Season

Wool Voiles, Eoliennes, Sail Canvas, Voile de Chine, Armures, Lustres, Sicilians, Albatross, Wool Taffetas, Drap d'Alma, Paramatas, Crepe de Chine, Uncrushable Grenadines, Shepherd Checks, Black and White Suitings.

Special—30 Novelty Suit Lengths—8 yds. in each, no two alike.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

TORONTO.

Established 1864.



SPRING AND SUMMER DESIGNS

In all the newest materials for

Tailored Skirts..

Ladies' own material receives the same careful and prompt attention, given our own goods.

The Skirt Specialty Co.

Designers 64 KING ST. WEST. Tailors Phone M. 3299

THOMAS' English Chop House

30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining-room open on Sundays.

The Man with the Prescription REMEMBER

That you are never too far away to have your dispensing done at

"Hooper's Dispensary"

You are assured of PURITY, QUALITY and DESPATCH. Use our mail order dept., telegraph or telephone.

Established 1835.

THE HOOPER CO., Limited,
43 King West Phone Main 536 Branch 467 Bloor West Phone North 2207

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY."



You'll have to pay full price for "Knox" Sailors—But there's a third off the price of every other Ladies' Sailor in the house.

That makes 4.50 Sailors 3.00.
That makes 3.00 Sailors 2.00.
That makes 1.50 Sailors 1.00,
and so on and so on.

Midsummer clearing sale lets you choose from very pretty shirt waists that were 1.50 to 2.50 for 50c.

Lets you choose from the daintiest of shirt waists that were 2.75 to 3.50 for 1.50.

Lets you buy Elegant stoles in chiffon and chinchilla effect that were 5.00 to 15.00 for 2.50 and 6.00.

Fairweather's

84 and 86 Yonge Street



SOCIETY

Mr. Finucane of the Bank of Montreal, Hamilton, came to town on Saturday and went on to the Royal Muskhoka on Tuesday for his summer vacation. Mr. Finucane's Toronto friends were glad to see him looking so fit, and while here enjoying the splendid golfing facilities of the Toronto Golf Club.

Mrs. and Miss Butler of New York are a charming mother and daughter who are spending some time at the King Edward and saying the nicest possible things of Toronto as a summer resort. Mrs. Butler is also here again at the King Edward.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, left last week for the Atlantic coast for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson are at "Oasis" on the breakwater for the summer.

The Misses Shephard, two charming visitors in town, were much admired at the Yacht Club's Island hop on Monday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence G. Ross, daughter of Hon. G. W. Ross, and Mr. R. Ernest Gunn. Their marriage will take place early in August.

Mrs. Harry Brock, 298 Brunswick avenue, and family are at Stony Lake for the summer. Mr. Brock is at the Home for Incurables, where he will be glad to see his friends.

Mrs. Percival MacMahon of Woodstock and her sons are at the "Pines," Balm Beach, for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hutchins of St. George street and their family are at Bath, Bay of Quinte, for the summer.

On Saturday afternoon an interesting race was sailed by a large number of yachts, some of which competed for the trophy given by Dr. A. H. Garratt, whose yacht, the "Beaver," won the cup. It was one of the sights which fill our Southern and other visitors with enthusiasm to see the snow-winged fleet pass out into the exquisite lake about two o'clock, and skim over the rippling waters. One man from Savannah, Ga., said: "By crickey, I'd not have missed this sight for a hundred dollars. You Toronto people do give us a good time for our holiday." The wind did not hold for a keen contest between the water beauties, but the sight of the cruise from the deck of the Niagara boat was lovely.

On Monday evening the dance at the R. C. Y. C. Island house was a blessed relief after a very sultry scorching day. The bowling lawns, through the generosity and trouble of a member, were brightly festooned with Chinese lanterns, the usual pretty lights were about the balconies, and a party of members and their friends enjoyed an alternation of dancing and strolling or resting in the comfortable arm-chairs on the upper balcony. The rule this year of limiting tickets for men to the members of the club diminishes the throng, and is only fair to the supporters of the club, whose friends enjoy the additional breathing space and comfort in dancing. The usual dinner were on before the dance, to which, I am told, men friends of the members may be asked and thus remain on for the dance. There were a very pretty lot of girls at this dance. Miss Butler of New York, the Misses Shephard, Miss Enid Wornum, Miss Doherty, Miss Porter, the young daughter of Mr. Secretary Porter, Miss White, third of a series of beauties (A. daughters of Mr. Aubrey White), who have graced these dances in succession; Miss Sweetman, the Misses Lamont, a trio of graceful dancers; Miss Byford, who was looking very pretty; Mrs. G. Duncan Lamont (nee Martin of Chatham), a bride of last spring; Mrs. Arthur Massey, Miss Flo Lowndes, very handsome in a white dress; Miss Olive Walker, coquettish and playful in pale blue; Miss Madeline Pearson, a very graceful dancer, were a few of the fair ones. Many of the guests, diners and others found the dim lawn, with its creeping cool breeze, so enticing that they remained there the whole evening, only by their arrival for the last boat revealing their presence. The Yacht Club is going ahead very satisfactorily and many acknowledgments are due the secretary for his two years' excellent management and success. Mr. Porter's previous experience in financial matters and untiring energy in his present post have done wonders for the Yacht Club.

Talking of the Yacht Club, Toronto friends of Mr. F. J. Rindard-Seaver, who for so many seasons made the Yacht Club balls and dances things of beauty and memories for ever, will be glad to hear that he is well and happy, and living just now in Cheshire, England, whence recent tidings have come.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne returned from Chicago and St. Louis the end of last week.

Mrs. Arthur Sprague and Miss Sprague are enjoying their summer cottage, "The Bowers," near very satisfactory and the Toronto plenshing of the pretty cottage makes greatly for comfort. The situation and air are perfect.

Mrs. and the Misses Boulton are enjoying their first summer in their charming new house in Rosedale. Miss Daisy Boulton is now visiting Mrs. Willie Hope (nee Jarvis) in St. Andrew's, N.B.

Mr. Frank Stanley Morrison, whose success in the recent exams, at Kingston was so marked, is now attached for duty at Stanley Barracks, under his old colonel of Boer war experience—Colonel Lessard.

Captain Le Duc has returned from his Continental holiday and is again on duty at Stanley Barracks.

Lady Edgar and Miss Edgar sailed for England last Saturday on the "Minneapolis."

Mrs. C. C. James is at "Cedarmere," Cobourg.

The Island Aquatic dance last week was a jolly one, and the smart decorations of the opening night and brilliant globe lights replacing the coal oil of the past made the greatest improvement. Some Toronto guests went over for this event, but it is "the Island for the Islanders," as usual, after the first invitation hop. A handsome girl, in a smart blue and white frock, was Miss Laurence, and

a chic little lady was Mrs. Soames of Winnipeg, who is stopping at Elmsmere House at present. It was not oppressively warm in the salle de danse, but I wonder more each year that the large and important body of Islanders don't build a proper pavilion for their dances and festivities. Some precautions have been taken this season for the safety of the "associates" by the barring up of the exits to the side galleries. Last Friday night my foot went through the floor of one of the end galleries, nicely and gently, for the old board was dozy and squally like decayed bark. Some fine night I expect the lot of us will slide through into the lagoon. There was nothing like the crowd of the opening night at the dance of last week, but it was even a more attractive because more representative assembly. The Island Aquatic has a summer programme of sports which has so far included two Wednesday afternoon programmes and has four more to run through. The grand annual sporting event—the regatta—will take place on Long Pond on August 20. Mr. J. D. Trees, captain of the Association, has donated a medal to the contestant finishing in the greatest number of events in any one class. The lady patronesses of the I. A. A. for this season are: Mrs. A. R. Denison, Mrs. W. K. McNight, Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave, Mrs. H. D. Warren, Mrs. H. Wade, Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. R. A. Donald, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. H. G. Wade, Mrs. B. E. Macrae, Mrs. L. Goldman, Mrs. Hector Lamont, Mrs. S. Trees, Mrs. Goad, Mrs. A. L. Eastmure, Mrs. D. W. Lamont.

Major and Mrs. Albert Gooderham are going to England for a holiday trip. They are leaving in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Goodman of 578 Sherbourne street have gone with their family to spend the hot weather at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Flaws are settled at their home, 87 Crescent road, and will be in the city for the summer.

Mrs. J. Morris, sister-in-law of Sir Edward Morris, and Mrs. Pilot, daughter-in-law of the Rev. Canon Pilot, both of St. John's, Newfoundland, are visiting friends in Toronto.

Among Toronto people who have recently registered at the Queen's Hotel are: Mr. F. S. Summerhayes, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Webster, Mr. Charles Purdon, Mr. and Mrs. G. Lime, Mr. J. W. Johnston, Miss Johnston, Messrs. E. H. Burt, H. L. Dunn, R. H. Fraser, H. A. Moore, W. H. Middle, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morris, Messrs. H. C. Boulton, E. R. Paterson, H. J. Crawford, J. N. McKendry, Thomas H. Hall, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Proctor, Messrs. P. Bailey, E. J. Palmer, E. Strachan Cox, W. Dryman, R. F. Wilks, Miss Shaw, Miss Dickson, Mr. S. Samuel, Miss V. Sankey, Mr. C. Cambie, Miss Merritt, Miss Macrae, Mrs. Sankey, Messrs. G. Willis Hives, George M. Biggs, B. L. Graham, Mrs. S. H. James, Miss Quinlan, Miss Givins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Foy, Miss Foy, Miss Pauline Foy, Messrs. William C. Barclay, C. C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Pison, Dr. Jones, Mrs. Folkes, Miss Strachan, Messrs. George H. Hees, H. L. Beaudry, C. O. Beaudry, C. S. Williams, Mrs. F. W. Ross, Miss Boyd, Miss Baird, Mr. Douglas Ross, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Irish, Mr. C. Gurney, M. F. Evan Adams, Miss E. J. Adams, Miss Helen Adams, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Massey, Messrs. J. J. Foy, Edmond Foy, Edward Houston, C. T. Pope, Miss May Jarvis, Miss B. Hellwell, Messrs. W. L. Hellwell, H. I. Chillis, W. Medlar, H. Misset, Mr. and Mrs. J. Misset, Miss Helen, Captain B. Moysey, Miss Moysey, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney McKenzie, Miss Gertrude McKenzie, Messrs. W. S. Hodgins, F. E. Cogrove, E. G. Fokke, W. W. Copp, W. H. Harvey, John Payne, J. M. Stewart, Miss Catharine Proctor, Messrs. Ralph Burn, W. E. Long, Miss Long, Messrs. J. B. Reid, F. B. McLeod, F. S. Wiley, S. G. Sherbourne, John L. Lee, J. K. Strachy, A. S. Towers, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lee, Dr. A. H. Garrett, Messrs. B. Jarvis, H. Cartwright, H. E. Ridout, F. A. Drake, F. G. Osler, Norman McCrae, R. E. Griggs, John A. Ralph, J. E. L. Hangan, A. C. Marks, C. T. Wood, H. Miller, E. Knowlton, Mrs. Allan, Miss Allan, Mr. H. S. Harcourt, Vernon, Miss M. S. Cockrane, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ford.

According to various reports there are busy times at Camp Temagami. The boys on landing at their new location proceeded with axe and hatchet to make spaces for tents, where apparently tents had never been erected since creation. Now the appearance of that particular spot is completely changed. The undergrowth has been removed, while, screened by the columns of magnificent pine, are five large tents. While this pioneering is in progress small fishing parties are organized for the benefit of the commissariat, the record for one canoe being 14 salmon trout in less than three hours. The first weekly regatta has been held, and the eight events contested with the keenest enthusiasm. In a few days all will be straight, making smooth sailing for those arriving later. The first arrivals will remember their experiences for many years to come, and they are pardonably proud of what has been accomplished. The boys greatly appreciate the kindness of Mr. A. R. Macdonald, contractor of the Temagami Railway, who transported the party, bag, baggage and canoes, free, and who volunteers to grant the same privilege to any member of the camp arriving later.

Talk of Another Hot Wave.

There is every probability of another hot spell in the next few days. The long-headed will be prepared before it reaches here by providing themselves with electric fans.

Many of the most practicable styles are shown at the uptown showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company, Limited, at No. 12 Adelaide street east.

An Embarrassing Introduction.

A man cannot have a wide experience on the lecture platform without suffering more or less annoyance and embarrassment because of that disagreeable of the platform man—the introduction to the audience.

The man chosen to "introduce the speaker of the evening" often has a little ability to perform this duty as he would have to give the address. He sometimes founders around in the midst of his platitudes apparently unable to come to a finish, although eager to do so. He fears that he will "make a mess of it" sometimes brings about this result.

This was the case of a man who had to "introduce a speaker to a Western audience. Painfully self-conscious, nervous, embarrassed and wholly unaccustomed to the platform, he stammered:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It gives me

O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt



Contains all the nutritive and sedative properties of Malt and Hops, with the lowest possible percentage of alcohol.

W. LLOYD WOOD,
TORONTO
General Agent

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Yonge and Carleton Streets.

Wedding

Invitations
Announcements
Cake-Boxes

Write to us for samples and prices before deciding :—

Bain Book and Stationery Co.
96 Yonge St., Toronto

Your Own Gold

We are actual manufacturers of fine gold jewelry. If at any time you wish gold in your possession melted down and made into a ring, pin, brooch or other jewel, we will do it and return the same gold transformed into anything your fancy may dictate. All orders given to us are conscientiously carried out to the letter, and we never charge too much.

WANLESS & CO.
Fine Jewellers Established 1840
168 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

great pleasure to—to—to—be here this evening under—under—these auspicious circumstances under which I am, at present, and I count it an honor to—to—to be chosen to introduce a household word—or—or—I mean the name of speaker behind me is a household word to our midst, and I—I—congratulate him on our presence—or—I voice the sentiment of the distinguished audience, including myself, when I—I—hang it all, Mister, go ahead!"

The Owner of the Pencil.

They were two pretty girls, modest in their demeanor, but alive to their surroundings. The two young men had noticed them on the platform, and on the train had secured seats just behind them. The girls had in no way encouraged these attentions, and yet they could not be unconscious of them. The young men held a whispered consultation, and then leaning across the aisle one of them requested the loan of a pencil from an elderly man sitting there. With a smile toward the seat in front a note was written, the pair collaborating. There was evident intent of dropping this note into the lap of one of the girls; but the man whose pencil had been borrowed interrupted quietly but firmly.

"Permit me to read the note first," he said with the utmost politeness. "I make that an inviolable rule with my daughters' correspondence with young men."

An instant later there were two vacant seats, and on the platform two young men waited, red and impatient, for the first station.

Papa—How did you get your clothes so terribly torn? Tommy—Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked. Papa—Ah, a brave deed! Who was the little boy? Tommy—Me.

"Are there any golf links around here?" "Nope; Reuben Dodd shot the last of them critters in the spring of '99."

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman an economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

Johnny—What does conscience mean? Teacher—It is something inside of you that tells you when you have done wrong. Johnny—Ma said I didn't have no conscience. But I knew I had. Only, when I felt that way the other day, doctor said it was green apples.

THISTLE BRAND Canned Fish

Kipper Herring
Finnan Haddies
Herring and Tomato

Are the best that are packed. Every package guaranteed.

Best Dealers Sell Them.



Cowan's

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE

Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Milk Chocolate

These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO.

VACATION NECESSARIES

Spirit Stoves
Traveling Companions
Wash Rags (each in water-proof bag)
Papier Poudre
Rubber Sponges
BATHING CAPS
Sponge Bags
Curling Tong Lamps
Cold Cream (in tubes)
Chamois Powder Puffs

Huyler's Confectionery Always Fresh

W. H. LEE
King Edward Drug Store
Phone Main 4600

Jewelry Parlors

Latest Novelties in all Branches of a First-Class Jewelry Shop without the Heavy Expenses : : : : : :

JAS. D. BAILEY
N.E. Cor. King and Yonge Streets
Elevator Tel. Main 2066

REMEDIAL

measures for Eye Strain are found in lenses of the proper refracting power. We accurately measure the error and supply the lenses.

The Culverhouse Optical Co., Limited

Optometrists
6 Richmond Street East
CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG.
Phone M. 4536. Toronto.

Wedding Cakes

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed.

CATALOGUE FREE
The Harry Webb Co.
LIMITED
447 Yonge St., Toronto

The Corset Specialty Co.
112 Yonge St. Toronto.
1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.



Pompadours and Bangs

The Status of our store as the leading

Hair Goods Store

on this continent places our

Pompadours, Bangs, Switches etc.

as the best procurable. Ladies should write for Catalogue.

The Dorenwend Co., of Toronto, Limited.
103 & 105 Yonge Street



Pember's Genius

in the creating of the beautiful and stylish in Hair Goods was never shown to better advantage than in his latest effort, **The Pompadour Bang**, with the **New Parting**. A distinctive new style that adds individuality and expression to the face, whether youthful or middle-aged. A pleasure to exhibit and demonstrate. The honor of a visit of inspection is requested at any convenient time. Appointments made by phone.

The Pember Store
127-129 Yonge Street

The Golden Tint Hair Dye

will dye your hair a natural color after it has been bleached and is turning white. Specially recommended for blondes. It contains no grease and is perfectly safe and easy to apply. Price \$2.00, post paid. Send a card for booklet "A" showing all the Maple Leaf Toilet Specialties and the very best in Hair Goods.

Jahn & Son 73 1/2 King St. West Toronto.

NURSING WALTER B. VINCE
Professional Male Nurse and Masseuse

Open for engagements. Nervous cases a specialty. Treatments given in patients' homes. Phone Main 2429.

Stationery

A carefully selected stock in all the leading shapes and sizes. Special attention given to embossing and card printing.

MISS E. PORTER
Phone—Main 2004. 41 KING ST. WEST

L. A. STACKHOUSE
MANICURING AND CHIROPODY

For ladies, gentlemen and children. Cuts, manicure, growing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1116. 166 King St. West (Opposite Princess Theatre)

THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks, Captain.

By Gordon Rogers

(Registered in Accordance with the Copyright Act.)

CHAPTER I.

Jimmy Carew.

Jimmy had gone down to the canoes on the beach at Johnnie's Falls, and to make sure that nothing was being left behind, I was giving a camper's last surveying look over the ground from which we had just pulled pegs, and where we had been held up by the elements for a day or two. A whistle of surprise by Jimmy made me join him. He had found in the sand a locket, containing the miniature in oils of a woman's face. It was a beautiful and bewitching face, dimpled and smiling. The eyes were blue with a spice of boldness in their glance; and the "crowning glory" was of a rich red-golden hue, the hair of a Jean Jacques Henner head. The painting had the miniature perfection almost of a Meissonier's brush. It was beautiful art. The locket was an unlettered oval of burnished gold, exquisitely chased.

"She's peachy, isn't she?" I said, with enthusiasm.

"She is certainly a good-looker," Jimmy said, in a judicial tone. "But I fancy she would be like fair Fortune, a fickle dame. I would christen her Helen Blazes, offhand."

"We make hasty estimates by faces," I retorted.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I never cared for red hair."

"Hair of that particular hue," I answered contentiously, with a lateral nod at the locket as I walked down to my canoe, "is pronounced by artists to be the most beautiful and rare of all; and students of human nature say that red-headed women are the most constant and affectionate."

"And this one separated from somebody right here," cut in Jimmy, stepping back to the bushes along the bank. "I wonder who is the unlucky beggar that lost this? For no woman would be man enough to wear the likeness of another as good-looking as the original of this must be."

"Lucky beggar if he has a claim on the original," I said, adjusting the cushions in my craft.

"That's your opinion; but I was thinking of the possibility of the original having a claim on him," Jimmy retorted, as he closed the oval case. "No doubt he had the locket on a watch-chain. In pushing his way through the

shrubs the locket was caught, and separated from the chain without a jar sufficient to attract him owing, perhaps, to the connecting ring or link being defective or weak. Perhaps, though, he did miss the locket, but couldn't find it in the sand; and I suppose I ought to go over to the hotel and enquire for a reported loss." Jimmy is nothing if not conscientious or thirsty, so he went.

No guest of the hotel had reported a loss, the management said; nor, indeed, had any one, although there had been a brisk business of late with transient yachting parties, tourists and fishermen, besides paddling men en route, like ourselves, to the American Canoe Association's racing meet, some of whom had camped on the grounds just vacated by us. So Jimmy penned an ad. on hotel stationery, and it was posted by the main door:

FOUND:

At Johnnie's Falls,

A LOCKET

Containing Miniature.

Owner can recover property

By applying to the

Secretary of the American Canoe Association,

Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River,

Proving his claim,

and

PAYING FOR THIS ADVERTISE-

MENT.

We were twain, Jimmy and I, physically and metaphysically twain, emphatically and indisputably twain. Jimmy stands six feet unshod, and I—

but why particularize? I had the soul. Jimmy said; and so, to adjust our differences, though I thought it emphasized them, he had at all times an appetite sufficient for two. Yet were we "twain as one."

"What's the name of the next summer resort or hamlet on our way?" he enquired, as we pushed out from the Johnnie's Falls camping-ground.

I consulted a time-table and chart. "Rome," I said. "Population, five hundred—post-office—three general stores—blacksmith's shop—woollen mill—connections by stage with Athens and the Stop-and-Carry-One-Railway—wharf—steamer 'Fair Queen' calls Wednesdays and Saturdays—hotel, the Roman House."

"We may hear of the owner of this at the Roman House," Jimmy remarked, as he slipped the locket on the key-ring of a steel chain at his belt.

An hour later we came in sight of a spire, indicating to us the locality of the Roman House, on the farther side of a hill at the head of a bay. We had been rather mute over our paddles and pipes as we dipped our way inland from the lake; and when the silence was broken by a shout, and its echoes spoke from bank to bank, we experienced a shock.

"Hello!"

The voice was masculine, beyond doubt; and "murder" was the thought that flashed through our minds as we sat up, open-mouthed. We took a few strokes, staring uncertainly about; for there was not a human being in sight, and the cry was as great a surprise as if we had heard a report that we had guessed the exact weight of a cake of soap. But hardly had its echoes died away when the word came again, and this time from a throat unquestionably feminine.

"Hello! Hello!"

For a moment we sat perplexed, with pursed lips and knit brows; then, like a bound that has found the trail, Jimmy dashed straight on. And I went with him. Inside of three lengths it had become a race; but heroism, pure and unadulterated, didn't animate me. I simply wanted to beat Jimmy out. We had paddled at half-a-dozen meets that summer, and were "in the pink." The water curled and bubbled at our bows, and we left a wake that would have made an old-time Mississippi side-wheeler bury her nose in a bar out of sheer chagrin. Once our boats came together, Jimmy said "Damn!" and glared at me with the affection of a senior member in a Kentucky feud, while we shortened paddles and pushed viciously

apart as if a referee had said "Break!" But that was in the first round. Jimmy woke up, and I got in his wake.

A sudden bend in the shore, and the Roman wharf and boat-house and other panoramic effects loomed large to my vision as I labored busily on. Jimmy was now bearing heroically down upon a capsize skiff, to which were clinging a man and a girl. Jimmy's cedar blades were flashing with the rhythm and radiance of a white sea-bird's wings; the spray flew from their tips; and I had to admire as well as envy him his phenomenal speed. It was a grand practice spurt for the championship Trophy Cup race at the big meet, and Jimmy had said he was going to capture that cup or drain defeat out of it to the dogs.

To add to the variety of the movement of the scene, a man who had put out in a skiff from the boat-house was rowing toward the capsize as if pursued by a plesiosaurus or the police; and for the moment, out of my petty envy, I harbored the hope that he might beat Jimmy out. But for James he was only a pace-maker and spur all in one. Those big, bronzed arms of Jimmy's were propellers of steel.

The polished hull of his craft gleamed in the light of the morning sun as the hero dashed alongside the inverted skiff and came to a short turn and sharp stop by a quick and wonderfully strong back stroke. The man in the skiff was lengthways away, and before he or I could negotiate the mark, Jimmy had drawn the girl into his canoe and was paddling smartly to shore. It was very sharp work, even for James; but a minute or two later I understood how inspired and stimulated his mind and muscle had been.

The man from the boat-house and I administered to the needs of the chap in the water, and towed him ashore. He was a long-armed fellow, and his nerve as he clung to the skiff took the gratifying vocal form of cheer of a certain unmistakably British sort. He admonished us, with an accent, to "hurry," and "be devilish quick about it." But when he struck up the bank and I saw that his legs were in proportion to his other extremities, I wondered why he hadn't just taken a breath as long as himself and walked ashore; for he was taller than Jim. The latter, meantime, looked as if he felt in the King's suite of the Seventh Heaven House, and all the little cherubim bell-boys flying up with wine. He hadn't turned a hair over it all; but it was just elementary inference to settle how he felt about it.

The girl, as she squeezed the water out of her skirts, was chatting and laughing, and making seventeen sorts of glad eyes at Jim. She didn't seem to have an arrow left in her quiver for her late partner in peril; but he stood stubbornly by, frowning fiercely. Jimmy from beneath a wealth of matted Saxon locks, and in his clinging wet flannels he managed to look about as haughty as a bent pin on a railway track. I saw that envy held the reins with a high and iron hand in the vehicle of his emotions, for he glared at Jimmy with such a bad eye that I didn't fancy the look of the other danger-lamp any too well, either; and he alternated these ocular flashes of hate by staring at the laughing girl in a fashion that was cut out of the whole cloth of a directly opposite feeling, while she and Jimmy paid about as much attention to him as if he had been one of the wooden posts down at the Roman wharf.

I hitched Jimmy's craft to mine, the boat-house man being busy righting and draining the capsize skiff; and while we were thus supererogating, Jimmy and his prize capered over the intervening meadow toward the village, the hero making her do a six-minute clip so she wouldn't take a chill, with the August temperature already eighty in the shade, while the tall young man who couldn't swim, but who could run all right, loped lovingly at their heels.

CHAPTER II.

At the Roman House.

I didn't hurry to Rome myself. I felt that in the gooseberry role the De Wolfe Hopper with the envious eye would score such a success that the hero would appeal to the manager for a change in the cast, or take justice into his own hands in the shape of a real sword in the third act. The boat-house man and I conveyed the skiffs and canoes to the boat-house landing. He was a florid little Englishman, of the Cockney brand, and therefore garrulous. He said he was Tommy Giggles, horse and boat livery keeper, and contractor for the carriage by stage of his Britannic Majesty's mails between Athens and Rome. Mr. Giggles informed me that the young lady who had just passed through a thrilling experience was Miss Bessie Moore, of Quebec, and that she and her mamma were guests at the Roman House. The fair youth with the basiliscine blue optic was Mr. Algernon Cholmondeley Potts, popularly known out of unpopularity as "Dude" Potts. Mr. Potts was the local Johnnie and correspondent of the Limestone "Snorer" and the Brickville "Snooze," and a personage upon whose character the florid and perspiring Giggles now poured his bottled ire.

"Fellow-countryman of yours, isn't he?" I remarked.

He cocked a comical blue eye at me. "I ain't proud of it!" he said. "E's a type of young Englishman that ought to be kept at 'ome for the good of 'is race in this country. E's lazy and snobby and vain, and there isn't a young chap 'ardly between Athens and Rome that don't aboar 'im. Tries to lord it over me, too, 'e does! E's told people 'e was educated at Harrow and Oxford! As if I didn't remember 'im well enough w'en 'e used to run around barefooted in Puddleborough w'en I used to drive in from Diddlebury on market day. And 'e's told 'em, too, that 'e's related to the Earl of Casino, of

Castle Cards, in Kent. I wish they could see 'ow 'e'd slobber over a lord! His father was a little person, with a living in Kent in my time, and there was seven other little Pottses along with Algernon Chumley. The parson 'ad a sister, unmarried, living in Diddlebury, well enough to do, and she must have died and left 'er brother something, for now and again Algernon gets a bit of a remittance from 'ome, just enough to let 'im know they 'aven't forgot 'im, but don't want 'im back, and not enough to buy more than a steerage passage 'ome. Everybody 'ere knows 'ow much 'is remittance is, on account of them beer money orders which 'e 'as to cash at the postoffice, which is run by a woman 'ere, y' know. An' 'e blows in every sixpence on 'is back. 'E was a typewriter, or something, last season for Old Man Green, the fruit grower 'ere, and called 'imself 'is 'private secretary.' That's Algernon Chumley Potts. It takes ten real Englishmen," concluded Mr. Giggles, as he shipped his oars, "to wipe out the prejudice that one cheap Johnnie like Potts 'll create over 'ere; but they'll ship 'em off to Canada, just the same."

"He should go west," I said. "The real Englishmen would knock it out of him there."

"Not 'im!" said Giggles. "'E don't want to work." Giggles pulled a skiff over the rollers of the float. "'E's a sample of 'is style! Two planks sprung, a oar broke, and a pair of polished brass rowlocks gone. And now I'll 'ave to keep a sharp eye out for 'is next remittance from 'ome. The only way I can make 'im pay up," added Giggles, closing one "heye" tight, "is to talk of Puddleborough and 'is fat uncle, 'is mother's brother, that kept a little green grocery, y' know. Well, I 'ope Miss Moore 'as rumbled Mr. Algernon Potts' style now, 'im that can't swim a stroke. And I 'ope," concluded the little man fervently, as he ran out a pair of trucks on which to take the canoes over the portage leading to the mill, "that if 'e goes sticking 'is oar in up at the Roman House, your big friend 'll knock 'is block off; though 'e thinks 'e's pretty 'andy with 'is dukes. 'E certainly can row and run a bit. 'E learned to scull 'ere in my boats."

I found Jimmy on the hotel verandah, smoking a cigar and scanning a poster which announced that a garden party would be held that evening on the lawn of the rectory of Sweet's in aid of the organ fund. I asked how about the health of the fair rescuee.

"Fine," he said. "She'll be down presently, and I'll introduce you." He looked happy, as happy as the hero in a comic opera when the final curtain falls, and he spoke with such a proprietary air that I grinned as I asked if he had yet to endure the ordeal of the gratitude of the young lady's mamma.

His face grew as properly and profusely grave as that of a fledgling M. D. over his first case of influenza, as he informed me that the elder lady was taking her customary morning drive, and he hoped no Roman rustic would intercept her with a sensational account of the affair, as she was of a delicate constitution and nervous temperament, he said.

"Pretty solicitous about the elder lady, eh?" I remarked suspiciously.

His face jumped back from grave to gay. "Why, they are quite old friends of mine, you know," he declared. "Come," he cried blithely. "I've been as dry ever since we sighted that church spire as that dusty road there. But I've waited for you." And he led the way to the bar.

"I brought the boats down to the mill," I explained, as Jimmy ordered bottled beer. "Whenever you're ready to start—"

"Indefatigable Brooks!" he cried, but looking at the beer. "We'll have dinner here, you know."

"Why," I protested, "we were to dine at Athens, and push right on from there in order to get into camp at the meet to-night."

"Are the Athenian ladies or the beauties of the Thousand Isles fairer than the ladies of Rome?" he said, laughing, and drinking his ale. Jimmy's laugh, expanding a forty-five-inch chest, is infectious and good to hear. It even cracked the ice of the pale and blase countenance of Gus, the bartender of the Roman House.

"But," I pursued, "Rule Ten of the Racing Rules—"

"Both the Racing Rules!" cried Jimmy; and then we had a glimpse of

Fair Folks

Don't Blame Nature But Investigate.

Many claim they are nervous "by nature" when it is really only because they are slaves to the coffee or tea habit, and this is easily proved by cutting out the coffee or tea for ten days and using well-boiled Postum Food Coffee instead—then comes the change.

"I seemed endowed by nature with a nervous constitution," says a lady of Knoxville, Tenn., "and although I felt tea and coffee were bad for me, the force of habit was so strong I just couldn't give them up."

"Someone suggested that I try cereal coffee, but I remembered what insipid drinks we used under that name during the Civil War, and so without ever looking into the subject or realizing what progress science has made in this direction I just wouldn't give Postum a trial until finally the W. C. T. U. in our city started an exchange where there were so many calls for Postum it was served regularly and many were thus induced to try it, myself among the number. How delighted I was to find it so agreeable, delicious and satisfying. As I had suffered from nervous prostration a change from tea and coffee was imperative, but all these troubles disappeared after I had used the Postum faithfully for a few weeks."

"A sister and a son-in-law were converted to Postum at the same time and now we all enjoy it as well as we ever did coffee, but instead of making us nervous like coffee we enjoy steady nerves, sleep sound and are in every way better for the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

This lady found what she thought was natural nervousness was only due to an acquired taste for coffee that is to some people a sure destroyer of nerves and health. Like her, anyone who cuts off coffee altogether and uses well-boiled Postum in its place will be greatly benefited after a few days and the return to health is a joyful journey. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

the particular Roman lady he had in mind, as she floated out upon the verandah. And I saw, as Jimmy's wake, that athletic ambition was going to be a bad betting proposition with Bessie Moore in the books.

She was an amazingly nice-looking girl, slender and tallish and straight, and distinctly pretty and fresh-colored—fresh as a wild rose with the dew on it. Her complexion had the bloom of an early peach, her hair was dusky dark, and her eyes large and brown, with a glance that was at once modest and direct. Ingenue though she was, she had changed into the colors of our club. She wore now a white pique and Yale blue yachting suit, as if she were throwing a dare at the old bay beyond, since a real live sailorman like Jimmy had come into port; and she looked, of course, more fetching than before, because her new rig had starch in it and didn't cling to her the way wet fur sticks to a kitten.

The Guarantee of Quality.



Every yard of Cravenette bears this trade mark. It distinguishes the genuine from the imitation. Look for the proof of Cravenette—the stamp shown above. Sold by leading dealers.

The Best Tonic

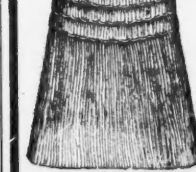
is O'KEEFE'S SPECIAL LAGER BEER. Gently stimulating, bracing, invigorating, and brimful of wholesome nourishment to build up "run-down" systems. Brewed in Canada's model brewery—absolutely pure—fully aged. Have your dealer send up a case of

O'Keefe's
Special Lager Beer

HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY

by using

Boeckh's Household Brushes and Bamboo-Handled Brooms



Every good dealer can supply them



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best.

Clothed in Air

"Aertex" Cellular Underwear...

Outing Shirts, Pyjamas, etc., from 75c. to 2.00 garment. Ask for illustrated Price List.

Wreyford & Co.,

Dominion Agents Wholesale & Retail 85 King Street West.

DON'T BE UPSET

if you happen to spoil your suit. Just send it to us and we will make it look like new. You will save money and a lot of worry.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners 301 and 303 Yonge St., 30 King St. West, 421 and 423 Queen St. West, 777 Queen St. East. Phones—North 1011, Main 2143 and 1004, Park 95.

Special Summer Session

DURING JULY AND AUGUST There is no need for you to lose two or three months time. Ask for free particulars from THE...

Business College

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT. It has many advantages to offer. W. Brooks, Principal.

COX'S

SPARKLING GELATINE

FAMED for SIXTY YEARS

Gives a bright Transparent Solution and is

Always Uniformly Strong,

and always trustworthy.

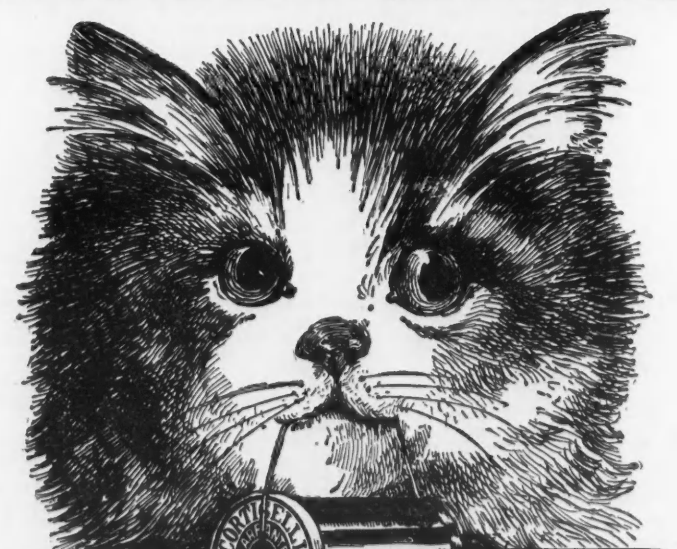
Sold in shredded form in well-known checkerboard boxes.

Agents for Canada—

C. E. COLSON & SON, Montreal.

D. MASSON & CO., Montreal.

ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Toronto, St. John's, N.B., and Montreal.



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

Is the best Sewing Silk made. As Corticelli costs you no more than an inferior quality of silk, why don't you buy it? Always ask for Corticelli and see that you get it.

Corticelli

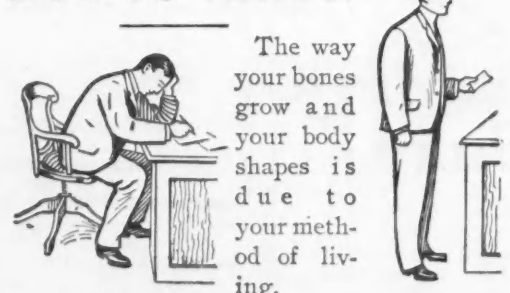
— B & A — Asiatic Dyes Wash Silks

Put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangling or soiling; additionally the only proper way to put up silk and flax. The colors are fast—the silk THE BEST.

SKIRT PROTECTOR

Peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvedge. Corticelli Skirt Protector is of firm and even texture, and when soiled a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no harm done.

DUE TO HABIT.



The way your bones grow and your body shapes is due to your method of living.

By Semi-ready system of physique types we can exactly place your physique.

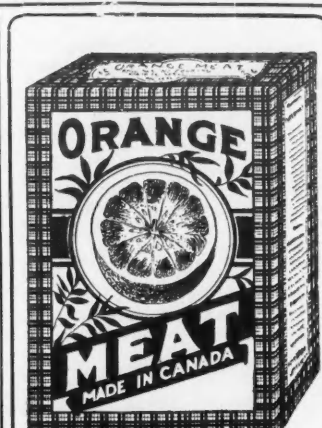
With this definite knowledge of your physique, we can tailor Semi-ready to fit perfectly. Money returned for any reason.

Semi-ready Tailoring

TORONTO 22 WEST KING STREET MANNING ARCADE



BABY'S OWN SOAP
Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
Makes any skin like
Baby's.
Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs.
MONTREAL.
No other Soap is just as good. 313



ORANGE
MEAT
MADE IN CANADA

Free Silver with This Cereal

Coupons in every 15c. package
are redeemed in handsome
heavy plated silverware.

The food is prepared from
best Canadian wheat mixed by
a special process with a special
product which makes it delicate
to the taste and strong in its
nutriment.

ASK YOUR GROCER

New Goods and New Models
In Costuming and
Millinery
at 406 and 408 Yonge Street
Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander
Telephone—Main 3077

OSTEOPATHY
ROBT. B. HENDERSON, D.O.
48 Canada Life Building.
SPECIALIST IN
**Chronic and Nervous
DISEASES**
Literature Sent on Application.
CONSULTATION FREE. Phone Main 3843

Women who talk of Stylish Shoes...

The satisfactory, service-
giving, worth-the-money kind,
are sure to speak of the
"HAGAR" make. Special
values in Oxfords at \$2.50.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street.



GENUINE ANTIQUES
Lovers of Antique and
High-Class Furniture will
be well rewarded if they
pay a visit to our premises.
There they will find an
assortment of the choicest
specimens of Genuine Anti-
ques that have ever been
collected together.
B. M. & T. Jenkins
422-424 YONGE ST.
TORONTO

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's
Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very
satisfactory.

Even her hair didn't seem to have suf-
fered, as Algernon Potts had; so I con-
cluded she must have thought of it, like
a woman, and kept her head, like a little
man, when she upset.

She didn't give me time or chance,
when Jimmy introduced me, to butt in
with my little conventional I-hope-you-
are-none-the-worse-et-cetera piece. She
gave me her hand, slim and brown, with
a dazzling smile for a premium, and
said that I must have thought her very
ungracious in not thanking me at the
time for having paddled so hard on her
behalf, but that her surprise at seeing
Mr. Carew must be her excuse.

We sat on the verandah overlooking
the main street, and talked. Bessie said:
"I know I screamed dreadfully—until
the water got in my mouth. Did you
really recognize my voice?"

"I did," said Jimmy, solemnly. I was
comforted then, for I understood why he
had been able to beat me out by such a
margin in the race on the bay.

"But Mr. Potts positively roared,"
Bessie said. "And he insisted I had
better call, too, as he didn't believe there
was a soul within hearing except Giggis,
who wouldn't come to his help. I
really didn't understand why, because I
think Giggis is a good-hearted little
man."

"Artful Mr. Potts!" Jimmy said.
"That was one for you and two for
himself."

"You mustn't be too hard on him,
because he can't swim," Bessie said, with
an obvious feminine disinclination to be
severe on Mr. Potts. "But I really be-
lieve," she added, with a breezy little
laugh, "that he was more frightened than
I was."

"No man who isn't a strong swimmer
has a right to take a woman out on dan-
gerous water," said Jimmy, in his cheari-
est tone, as the "man" in mind appeared
on the scene. Mr. Potts was toggled up,
evidently to kill. He had changed into a
suit of flannels with an ultra-wide
stripe, and the nether garment had a
beautiful London roll. His cuffs, heavily
welted Oxfords and loud socks, were
noticeable details of the whole; and his
Saxon locks were crowned with a Pan-
ama straw hat having a particularly
rakish brim, from beneath which, as he
seated himself in an arm-chair and pro-
duced with a flourish a silver cigarette-
case, he sized up Jimmy with a look
of strangely mingled menace and re-
spect.

"You look quite yourself again, Mr.
Potts," said Bessie graciously; and Mr.
Potts, possibly embarrassed by a sud-
den consciousness that he had neglected
to express regret for the misadventure,
muttered inarticulately and shifted his
chair. She turned to Jimmy and said:
"How shall I ever be able to thank
you? I don't believe I could have held
on much longer, that skiff was such a
slippery thing; though it was quite in-
spiring to see you coming along so fast.
Where were you when you heard me
scream?"

"We were just inside the mouth of
the bay when we heard Mr. Potts," said
Jimmy, expanding his into a grin.
Jimmy, mouth to mouth, you see. As
to thanking me, you can do that best
by forgetting all about it; or, if you
can't do that, by just remembering that
you would have been all right if Brooks
and I had been paddling on the other
side of the world, through the Indian
Sea of Japan, because Giggis was mak-
ing a record for himself with the oars.
We were all three—Brooks and Giggis
and I—keen rivals for the honor of re-
lieving a charming young lady from a
situation that must have been at least
very tiresome."

Hot shot for Mr. Potts. Jimmy was
rattling on in this vein, when a vehicle
of the Giggsonian Roman type—a sort
of cross between a cabriolet and a
chariot—appeared, drawn by a jog-
trot horse, and was stopped at the
hotel. A rather stout and dignified-
looking lady in black descended, while
Bessie cried:
"Mamma!"

CHAPTER III.

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts.

"My dear girl!" cried mamma, as she
climbed the steps. She was a trifle pal-
pitant and dusty beside; but she clasped
Bessie's sleek neck in a maternal
embrace, filling James C. with indeci-
phable bit Bessie also bit Bessie several
times. It looked like a small boy with
a peach, and keeping it all to himself.
Then, beaming on her daughter through
a pair of rimless pince-nez, she ran on:
"I heard all about it, my dear, at the
mill. The foreman there said Giggis
told him you had gone down three times,
that he and two gentlemen dived for
you, and that he thought he would
have to use his grappling irons, when
one of the gentlemen succeeded in 're-
covering' you, but not a moment too
soon. I said, my dear, that some acci-
dent would happen if you persisted in
going out upon that treacherous bay
unless accompanied by someone to be
thoroughly depended on." She flashed
a mildly disapproving glance at Al-
gernon Potts, and he took a walk. "And
which is your gallant preserver? Is this
the noble young man?"

She saw I was a more convenient size,
I suppose, for the work of maternal
gratitude in hand, and for the first time
I was glad it was Jim. But I wasn't
in any real danger. Bessie was going to
look after that. Jimmy wasn't to lose
any of the laurels that were coming to
him. She exclaimed, with a good deal
of unnecessary feeling, if she had only
known mine at the moment:
"No, no, mamma dear, it was Mr.
Carew. This is Mr. Brooks."

"How do you do, Mr. Brooks. Mr.
Carew, how shall I ever be able to thank
you?"

"That was just what her daughter had
said. He was so busy just hating him-
self to death for being a hero that he
didn't seem to be the ready information
bureau mamma took him for, and Bessie
filled in.

"You remember Mr. Carew, of course,
mamma. He was La Salle at the his-
torical ball in Quebec last year, you
know."

"Of course, my dear. I remember Mr.
Carew perfectly now. I felt there was
something strikingly familiar about you,
Mr. Carew. Le Sieur de La Salle had
such an heroic air. And now pray sit
down and tell me all about it."

I managed to drift away. I didn't
want to hear that tale again, even from
the lips of Bessie Moore. I knew that
Jimmy felt he would like to get his
hooks into Giggis or the foreman at the
mill, or whoever had embellished the
facts with grappling irons. At the
farther end of the verandah I encountered

Algernon Cholmondeley Potts.
"Aw!" he said, loftily. "And how
long are you two chaps going to be
here?"

"Better ask my long friend," I an-
swered, amiably.
"Going to the canoe meet, are you?"
"Yes."

"Going to race, I suppose?"
"My friend will."

Mr. Potts blew a cloud of smoke from
his superior altitude, and laughed. "He
won't be in it with Willoughby," he
said. "Willoughby's won everything so
far, hands down, don't you know."
"Then it is time for a change," I said.
Willoughby was the noted paddling crack
of a maritime club.

"Willoughby passed through here a
week ago," communicated Mr. Potts.
He twirled a pale mustache. "I think
I'll take a gee-gee run down Thursday
to Gannanook to see him lift the
Trophy Cup."

Declining Mr. Potts' invitation to
smile, I strolled back to the happy trio.
"Otto Willoughby is ahead of you at
the meet," I remarked, as Jim looked
up. "And, according to Mr. Cholmonde-
ley Potts, Otto has a corner in all the
events, and you are wasting time in
going after the cup."

"Oh, yes!" said Bessie. "Mr. Otto
Willoughby spent a day here." A cloud
came over Jimmy's face. "He heard we
were from Quebec, and introduced him-
self. You remember him, mamma? He
was almost as big as Mr. Carew, and
very sunburned and bald. So many
unburned canoeing young men
have passed through here on their way
to the races that—"

"That all coons look alike to your
mamma," said Jimmy, lightly. But the
cloud did not quite pass from his sun-
burned face.

"I thought Mr. Willoughby very nice,"
Bessie said. "But I shouldn't think he
would have a bit of a show against you,
Mr. Carew." And she bent on Mr.
Carew a beautiful look of admiration
and sunshine that should have cleared
his brow.

"My dear!" said mamma.
"I meant in a canoe race, of course,"
said Bessie. Then a blush mantled her
pretty face. But her eyes met Jimmy's,
and the cloud was gone.

"Still, I am afraid Jimmy won't have a
bit of a show against anybody if we
don't tear ourselves away from Rome."
I put in, as Potts strolled up. "Rule
Ten of the Racing Rules, Miss Moore,
expressly states that one must have
been in camp at the meet for two days
to be eligible for entry in the events;
and as it is, we should be in camp there
by noon to be eligible for Thursday's
events, which include the Trophy Cup
race, and are the last of the meet."

"The Regatta Committee may, if they
choose, waive Rule Ten," Jimmy said,
aloud. "We lost two days at Johnnie's
falls on account of bad weather, you
know."

"We should be making up for them
now," I said.

"We are," said Jim.

"Oh, you can't think of leaving before
dinner!" exclaimed mamma. "I expect
you to be my guests."

I gave in then, and Jimmy strolled
off to "do" Rome, with Bessie as guide.
While Mr. Potts, following them with
his eyes, sauntered toward the mill, and
I remained to tell mamma what a really
fine chap Jimmy was, in spite of his
good looks, and how high he stood in
the opinion of the directorate of the
big bank with which he was connected,
and what splendid prospects he had; but
as I had my eye on him just then, as
he walked up the main street with Bes-
sie Moore, she didn't realize the particu-
lar prospects I had in mind. However,
I laid on Jimmy's jacket with an artist's
if generous hand, not forgetting to add
an extra high finish by remarking that
news might be expected at any moment
of the death of Sir Owen Carew, baro-
net and bookworm, who was on his last
consumptive pins in Colorado, and that
Jimmy was Sir Owen's brother and next
in line.

By the time the romantic pair re-
turned I had about exhausted my con-
versational treasure-house, and I think
mamma was glad of it, and that she, too,
was grateful for the diversion offered by
Bessie in the suggestion that we should
go down to the mill and be photographed
by Mr. Carew, whose photographic kit
was in his canoe. And as we reached
the little river, Jimmy's canoe came into
sight around a bend, forcefully if erat-
ically propelled by Mr. Algernon Potts.
Jimmy, in his mingled amusement and
wrath, gave one of his forty-five inch
expansion war-whoops; and Mr. Potts
was startled from his equilibrium and

Race Done?

Not a Bit of It.

A man who thought his race was
run made a food find that brought him
back to perfect health.

"One year ago I was unable to per-
form any labor, in fact I was told by
my doctor that they could do nothing
further for me. I was fast sinking
away, for an attack of grip had left
my stomach so weak it could not di-
gest any food sufficient to keep me
alive."

"There I was just wasting away,
growing thinner every day and weaker,
really being snuffed out simply because
I could not get any nourishment from
food."

"Then my sister got after me to try
Grape-Nuts food which had done much
good for her and she finally persuaded
me, and although no other food had
done me the least bit of good, my
stomach handled the Grape-Nuts and
from the first this food supplied the
nourishment I had needed. In three
months I was as strong I moved from
Albany to San Francisco and now on
my three meals of Grape-Nuts and
cream every day I am strong and vi-
gorous and do fifteen hours' work."

"I believe the sickest person in the
world could do as I do, eat three meals
of nothing but Grape-Nuts and cream
and soon be on their feet again in the
flush of best health like me."

"Not only am I in perfect physical
health again, but my brain is stronger
and clearer than it ever was on the
old diet. I hope you will write to
the names I send you about Grape-
Nuts, for I want to see my friends
well and strong."

"Just think that a year ago I was
dying, but to-day, although I am
over 55 years of age, most people take
me to be less than 40, and I feel just
as young as I look." Name given by
Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.
Look for the little book, "The Road
to Wellville" in each package.

repose. He lost his seat, the long pad-
dle was plunged deep down and passed
under the canoe, the aspiring occupant
retaining his grip upon it, and the craft
perforce capsize. Even Jimmy, with
his paddle and fine cushions floating
briskly down stream, accompanied by
Mr. Potts' Panama, could not but join
in the merry laughter of Bessie Moore,
which, like his own, had an infectious
quality, while mamma permitted her
academic countenance the brief recess of
an Augustan smile. Jimmy quickly
put out in my canoe and recovered his
floatsam, while Potts clung fiercely to the
rotatory craft.

"Oh, save Mr. Potts, too, please!"
cried Bessie, and mamma's countenance
assumed a tragic expression.

"Only at your request," said Jimmy.
"But the valuable first, you know." He
secured the painter of his canoe and
towed the clinging Potts ashore.

"I've half a mind to dress you down!"
Jimmy said wrathfully, as Potts, with
dripping garments, climbed the bank.
But the river seemed to have reversed
the order of the dressing process that
had been executed with so much care by
Mr. Potts. His finery was half-ruined;
the wide stripes of his flannels, if per-
pendicular, seemed now to stand for his
deserts; and his linen, in common with
his wearer's morale, lacked starch.

"I think Mr. Potts has suffered enough
for to-day," said Bessie, viewing Jimmy's
menacing attitude with girlish alarm,
while mamma, adjusting her pince-nez, ex-
pressed the hope that Mr. Carew would
take a lenient view of the case.

Potts glowered, half-defiantly, as if
about to retort. Then, with a maple
branch, he secured his hat, as it drifted
in, and stalked away, leaving a trail
across the dusty road and followed by
the irrepressible laughter of Bessie
Moore.

"You do look so funny, Mr. Potts,
that I really can't help laughing!" he
cried. Mr. Potts said naughtily, but
there was that in the Partisan look
he shot at Jimmy which meant mis-
chief, to my mind.

The air-tight lockers in bow and
stern of Jimmy's canoe had saved his
traps from harm, so that he was able
to execute the camera act. It took him
a long time to get us all right and
grouped effectively, with the mill for a
background, and the mill-hands lined up
to a man; while Bessie remarked that
Mr. Potts had taken a picture of her-
self and her mamma on the hotel steps
last week. And I had a pretty safe
idea, as he was focussing and fussing,
of about how much Jimmy was trying
to get mamma and me to figure on the
plate.

She and I, of course, led the way
back to the hotel; and when Jim and
Bessie joined us at length, he said he
had told Giggis to take the canoes and
traps on a truck back to his boat-
house, as the bank of the local Tiber
wasn't a safe depository for them with
a gentleman of Mr. Potts' persistently
suicidal tendency in the neighborhood.

"Jimmy wouldn't it have done just
as well to pay a mill-hand to keep an eye
on them until we should get away, but
Jimmy said he wouldn't trust even the
foreman, as Giggis had hotly denied
having enlarged the affair of the bay by
a mendacious reference to grappling
irons or diving feats. I got Jimmy
alone for a bit, in the toilet room of
the hotel, as we brushed up for grub,
and threw Rule Ten into him again.

"Girls are all right in their place," I
said. "But you know very well that it's
thirty-five good miles from here to the
meet."

"And what's that to you or me?" he
said, burnishing a bronzed fourteen-inch
forearm. "But of course," he added,
"if you didn't feel fit we could drive
down and leave the boats for the time
being here."

"So already you think of returning
to Rome if you should ever get away
from it," I said. "Well, you are hard
hit!"

Gravity and mirth danced together in
his gray eyes. "I am, old man!" he
said cheerfully.

"Then you're just another Mark An-
tony, that's all! You've had your level
nautical head turned by a petticoat!"

"Don't remember that Cleo wore
'em," he remarked. "Anyway, the only
event I am really out for is the Trophy
Cup race, which is Thursday's big card.
As to Rule Ten—" what he had on his
tongue or mind concerning Rule Ten I
didn't learn. For he strode suddenly
to the door, which was slightly ajar,
and opened it wide, disclosing in a
startled attitude the tall form of Chol-
mondeley Potts.

"Confound you!" Jimmy roared. "Is
eavesdropping another of your games?
I've almost a whole mind now to—"
One big brown fist went up and back
for a short-arm jolt, and Potts was
startled into a position of pugilistic
defence. It was not exactly according
to the art of Corbett or McCoy; and
Jimmy, who knows the game from a
left-hand lead-off to a solar-plexus jolt,
dropped his hands. His ire passed, he
smiled, and walked on.

"Aw! I thought he'd cool off!" said
Potts, with a look in which restored
confidence and relief strove to obliterate
surprise. He mistook Jimmy's sudden
pacification for caution or fear, and
actually preened himself. Potts was a
big-boned chap, and I reflected that if
put in a corner he might give even
Jimmy a stiff argument before going
out. He had got into dry things for
the third time that day, and was once
more the rehabilitated dandy of Rome.
As we went into the dining-room,
mamma said:

"I suppose you canoeing men acquire
quite robust appetites, Mr. Brooks. I
hope you will be satisfied with a cold
collation now. They serve dinner here
sharp at six, and I think I can pro-
mise you a very fair one for a village
hotel."

So that was it. In supposing that
her invitation to dinner was for the
noon hour, I had committed myself to
an all-day sojourn in Rome. Jimmy,
with an amused eye on my gravity, said
that we could make an early start after
dinner, as there would be a "fine moon";
but I felt he had no very serious idea
of employing Diana's illuminating ad-
vantages to a proper, sober and dutiful
end; and I knew what this procrastina-
tion policy would mean for me; that
while J. and B. were exchanging mottoes
and fairy tales in some sylvan Roman
glade, mamma would be my vis-a-vis
meal-time and alltime.

(To be continued.)

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimu-
late and nourish or strengthen.

**LABATT'S
India Pale Ale**

is well known as a pure and wholesome
beverage, both refreshing and salubrious.
You are invited to try it, and if found
satisfactory to you to ask your merchant
for it.



**Sunshine
Furnace**

**Flues
Easily
Cleaned**

Cleaning out the flues of most furnaces
is so difficult and complicated that only an
expert can do it, and experts' services usually come high.

The flues in the Sunshine Furnace can be cleaned from two
different clean-out doors and from the feed-door, so that there
is no part of the flues which is not easily reached.

A special brush for this purpose is always supplied, and the
operation is so simple that a boy can perform it.

The whole Sunshine Furnace construction is on the same
plan of simplicity.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Write for booklet.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Oxford Economy Gas Range

is built on an entirely new plan. It is designed to reduce the
work of cooking to a minimum. The elevated oven does away
with stooping, everything may be looked after, and all burners
are visible and easily regulated from a standing position. The
oven is a quick, even, economical baker.

The Oxford Economy Broiler is most conveniently located
and heated with the regular oven burner.

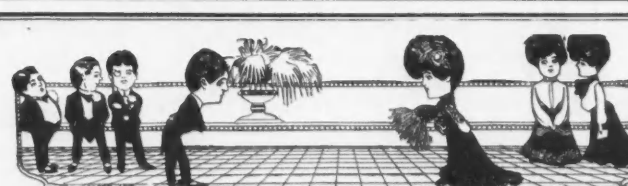
All ranges are beautifully enamelled and nickelled, making
them very easy to clean.

The Oxford Economy Range is so
compact and skillfully planned that a
large dinner may be cooked on it
without inconvenience.

See this range at one of our agen-
cies or write us direct.

**The
Gurney Foundry Co.**
Limited
Toronto
Montreal Winnipeg
Vancouver

Perfect Beauty
depends on the skin, and lovely skin is the reward of using
'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'
No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'.
No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.
Demand the genuine
Wholesale: G. H. Brown, Ltd., E.C.



DELIGHTED WE ARE SURE

You will be too, if you send your clothes here to be repaired,
cleaned and pressed. Our weekly "valet" service grows
every day, because we never disappoint. Saves so much
trouble, too, on your part.
Better phone us for particulars.

"MY VALET"

Telephone M. 3074
30 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

IT HAS NO
EQUAL
FOR KEEPING
THE SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH
AND WHITE
AT
ALL SEASONS.

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."
**BEETHAM'S
Lanola**
Soothing & Refreshing.
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England).
Sole Makers:
**M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham,
GLoucestershire.**

It actively soothes
and prevents all
REDNESS
CHAPS,
IRRITATION,
TAN, etc.
It is unsuited
as a
SKIN TONIC
as well as
EMOLLIENT.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... Main 1709
Editorial Rooms.....

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$3 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 23, 1904. No. 37



OUTDOOR PASTIMES.

WITH all deference to the Executive Committee of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, I beg to state that they should organize a school for referees. This school should have degree-conferring power, and nobody but graduates should be permitted to officiate in Canadian Lacrosse Association matches. These sapient and valuable thoughts have been borne in to me since I heard of the amazing exhibition which Mr. Referee Jack made of himself at St. Catharines on Saturday last. The Tecumsehs went over to the Flower City expecting to win, and if they did not put a half-Nelson on the championship our esteemed friend Jack is to blame. Mr. Jack hails from Brantford, the home of Simon pure amateurism, floods and peripatetic gentlemen who know how to play lacrosse—except when in Montreal or Toronto. The Jack idea of refereeing is to take a tremendous interest in any scraps which may occur while the game is going on. This—and I desire to be completely fair—is the prescribed duty of all referees. But it is written in the rule-book that the game must be stopped while the presiding officer watches the visiting brethren smiting or being smitten by the home "boys." Mr. Hubert Jack does not think this rule is a good rule. He fails to see why it should have ever been incorporated in the book. Hence, he holds that if two, four, six or eight of the contestants consider it desirable to slug each other, the game should meanwhile go on. The plan has its merits, as any team with half a dozen giants on its list will readily see. But the trilling thought obtrudes itself that fighting is not lacrosse.

Once more the Canadian tennis championship has gone to an "American." At Niagara-on-the-Lake Wright of Boston put Waidner, the Chicagoan, down and out. The Canadian contestants were not in it. And why not? Simply because the average Canadian tennis player knows as much about volleying as a mule does about Sanskrit. Our men simply will not try to volley. It is a case of base-line lobbing whenever they can. One would think the net was red-hot, so carefully do they keep away from it. Last year I saw the Doherty's—the English champions—at play in Boston. They revelled in "taking 'em hot," and they defeated the "Americans" just because of this. But the Yankee tennis-players have never shirked going close up. The man who gets the ball on its first flight has much more chance of placing it quickly than the fellow who is back in the court. And there is much less chance of a return. Tennis, however, seems to be losing popularity in Toronto. It is a pity. As a good, wholesome game it ranks with any of them. In the smaller towns, where men are scarce, it holds its own. In these places the wealthy merchant or professional man is always ready to allow the club the use of his lawn. In the cities the rent of a ground is an expensive matter. But the small places will seldom turn out crack players. A man can only improve his form by meeting stronger players than himself. As a recreation tennis is deservedly popular in the little places, but the little places have never turned out champions.

It is a pity that the executive of the Argonauts has decided to send the eight—the senior eight—to St. Louis. Under the coaching of Fred Thompson and Joe Wright the crew is doing splendid work. It is fully as good as anything the Two Blues have ever turned out. At the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition the eight will have to row in an enervating climate, against men who have been injured to torrid weather and—and this is perhaps the most important consideration—they will have to drink water that is bound to put one or two of them out of condition. Within two weeks they will have to row at St. Catharines in the Canadian Henley regatta, and it is surely desirable that they be on hand to help to uphold the Maple Leaf. This is by no means intended as a slur on the Toronto and Don eights. The Island club and the East Enders have both excellent octettes, but the Argonauts should not be handicapped by meeting them and the "American" eights while suffering under a handicap. There is yet plenty of time for the Argos' executive to reconsider its decision, and it is to be hoped that the programme will be altered.

There isn't much fun in being wise after the event, but the cold fact is that in so far as the International cricket match was concerned the subscriber had the result pretty well piped down in this column two weeks ago. We have in Canada some pretty fair batsmen, although it would be going too far to say that they are the equal of the best men the Philadelphians can turn out. We have no Ralston or Bohlen. When we come down to the attack, however, we are distinctly outclassed. There is not in Canada to-day a first-class amateur bowler. Laing has sought Chicago, a growing law practice and, if rumor be true, a wife. Hal McGivern is too busy looking after his clients' business to give time to the old game. No youngster seems to be in anything like their class. The Philadelphians can play mediocre bowling until the cows come home, especially when the venue is on their own billiard-table wickets. They have as good coaches as money can bring out of England, and their grounds are equal to anything across the big sea-water. Canada has not half a dozen really good cricket fields. Our estimable and lately-deceased friend, Aeschylus, is reported to have remarked that "harping is learned by playing on the harp." Similarly, cricket is learned by playing cricket, and you cannot play cricket on a wicket where one ball essays to biff you in the eye, while the successor is a deadly and grass-cutting shooter. Until we have good grounds and good coaches we Canadians will never do much at the game. Perhaps, also, it would be desirable to have a few more men playing. We certainly do not number as many cricketers as we did a few years ago. Golf has something to do with this, and yachting has, perhaps, as much.

The humane old lady who raised such a holler last year over the "cruelty" of the polo games has had another cause for indignation. The game has been revived, much to the gratification of many sportsmen. Captain T. O. Critchley—by the way, a son-in-law of Sir Sandford Fleming—is respon-



THE McCAUL SOCIAL CLUB.

At Exhibition Park, Saturday, July 16. This club holds a picnic at various places. It has a membership of over 80 and is now in its third successful year. Mr. W. E. Ross is president and Mr. S. F. Burnham secretary. Rev. J. C. Speer, D.D., is the central figure in the foreground.

sible for having stimulated interest in the great game, and the "horsy" folk of Toronto may expect to see some good matches before the snow flies. Captain Critchley learned the game in England, but it was in Calgary that he perfected his play. In the Western city there is a bunch of polo players who are quite up to any form that can be seen at Meadowbrook or any of the "American" centers of the sport. The Calgary men turn many an honest penny, too, by breeding ponies for the English polo market, and many a fourteen-hander, dropped within sight of the foothills of the Rockies, has made a name at Ranelagh. There is a constant demand in England for well-trained polo ponies. Anything under £400 is considered a moderate price for a first-class animal, and when it is remembered that no crack player is able to get along with fewer than four mounts it will be seen that the game should furnish a good market for our Canadian breeders and trainers. Captain Critchley has sent over some crackjacks within the past year. It is a pity that Toronto has not an accessible polo ground of regulation size. The old baseball ground is many yards too short, and the Hunt Club field is too far away. If the infield of the Exhibition-half-mile track were properly leveled, it would make an ideal ground. The grand stand is there already, and the street car service is first-class. If the funds were forthcoming, polo at the Fair grounds would be a paying sport.

The crowd that has been following Fort Hunter all season will have many a duet down on Dymont's colt at Fort Erie this afternoon unless something unforeseen happens. The winner of the Canadian Derby will have to go up against a pretty tough field, but the enthusiastic Fort Hunterites are ready to put their dough that the Barrie horse is a better proposition than Claude or Light Brigade. From what I hear, Light Brigade should not carry anybody's money unless the bettor is ready to make a piking wager at long odds. It is too much to hope that the exceedingly wary pencilers at Erie will get away from their usual methods, and so, if my friends will take a modest tip, they will not risk their hard-earned samoleons on an animal with a very "dicky" leg.

The indications are that the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines will be a tremendous success this year. The mere fact that Lou Scholes will be present should be sufficient to draw a great crowd to the banks of the beautiful old Welland canal. It was a happy idea which induced Fred Thompson, Claude Macdonald, Bert Barker, et al., to choose St. Catharines as the seat of the regatta. The course is a splendid one, albeit the water, scullers say, is a little "dead." But everything else is first-rate. The decision of Scholes that he will not row at St. Louis is to be commended. The change from cool Henley to torrid and muggy St. Louis within a few weeks would be too much for any man. The Scholes family physician has advised John F. that the quick change of climate might work great injury to the health of a young fellow who for months has been in hard and systematic training. At St. Catharines the conditions will be much easier. And if any "American" oarsmen think they can "do up" the champion, why, there are plenty of railways running into St. Catharines, and the railways carry the shells free! OLYMPIAN.



THE PEOPLE'S CHAMPION.

W. F. Maclean—"All lost save honor."

Heated Asides.

"It really begins to feel like a day in summer."—Our Lady of the Snows.
"There was never a slip 'twixt Scholes and the Sculls."—Toronto.
"I thought it was to be a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society, and behold! it was a Tory gathering."—Editor of the "Globe."
"Isn't it time for Yonge street to learn the game of Bridge?"—The Islanders.
"War is a horrible pastime, and if I were not Irish I'd fight against it."—Dr. John Potts.
"Heaven bless the Maple Leaf Forever, and do the next best thing for the Thistle."—Mr. Alexander Muir.
"Don't monkey with Malacca."—John Bull.

J. G.

Just a Little Penny-Anty.

Along the Magic Forest's rim
They fared together—Her an Him—
Till in a scented gloom of shade
Youth's thoughtless feet were gently stayed
By that small Wizard of the Bow—
Smile, reader fair—I'll bet you know.

A soft mound—size for one alone—
For Beauty formed ideal throne;
While for her dainty feet, I woen,
A velvet mat of living green,
Whereon, and perilously nigh—
A chap might sigh, and eye, and—lie.

From woodland chapel dim and lush
The holy chanting of the thrush—
From Paradise a drifting prayer
Came to the young hearts throbbing there—
And, waiting breathless, He and She
Did seem to thrill with ecstasy.

Ah! blessed time to swiftly pass,
Lo! he springs sudden from the grass,
Kicks wildly, madly slaps his pants,
And fiercely mutters "D—those ants!"
Responsive, quick upright, quoth she,
"Same here! Cuss 'em again for me!"
—EDDIE BOY.

Mr. Towe—I can't afford all this money for a yachting costume. The next thing you'll be wanting a yacht.
Miss Unda Towe—No, I won't, papa. If I had the yacht it wouldn't be necessary to have the costume.
First Mosquito—I feel like a Scotch highball.
Second Mosquito—Me for rye.
"Then you take the man on the right and I'll take the one on the left."

A Correction.

The following letter explains itself, and I am glad to know that the report I read in the papers mentioned was incorrect to Rev. Mr. Lowe, but am sorry an injustice was done either by the other journals or "Saturday Night." Possibly the remarks of some other speaker were attributed to him.
DON.

St. Paul's Rectory, Wingham, July 16, 1904.

To the Editor of the "Saturday Night," Toronto:
"Dear Sir,—Mr. Hall, the editor of the Wingham "Advance," has just called to show me an article in your paper, taken, no doubt, from the Toronto "News" and the "Mail and Empire," in connection with my speech here on July 12. I wish to state that the whole statement is absolutely false, which I can prove by every person who heard my speech last Tuesday. I never mentioned Sir Wilfrid's name, never referred to politics. I just spoke for eight minutes, and did not speak on any point particularly. As I was in my own town that day, and as a matter of courtesy, the time was given to the other speakers. I will refer you to any of the following names as proof to what I say: A. H. Musgrove, Esq. (chairman), Dr. T. Bradley Bervie, T. Hall, editor Wingham "Advance," Rev. Mr. McClean, Baptist minister here; R. Vanstone, Esq., Mayor of Wingham. I have been over eighteen years in the ministry, and I have never yet mentioned politics from pulpit or platform. Everything that has been stated in the "Mail and Empire," the Toronto "News" and also in the "Saturday Night" is absolutely false, and without foundation, as regards what I said on July 12. I would, therefore, ask you kindly to insert this. I am, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,
WM. LOWE.

Jottings of a Lazy Man.

If you can not live without working—die.
We work and slave through life for a leaden coffin with silver handles.
The lazy are the envy of the energetic.
Energetic men are useful—they enable the lazy man to live.
If Adam had been too lazy to eat we should still have inhabited Eden.
If the early worm had been lazy it would still have been alive.
If matter is force, force energy, why am I not energetic? Do nothing for others, lest they ask you to do it again.
A lazy man is always brave—it is easier to be killed than flee from trouble.
Sleep is a priceless boon. I could sleep for weeks without feeling tired.
The amount of force wasted by one energetic man in one day would serve me for many years.
If ever I write a book its title will be, "How to be Lazy Though Married."
If there were no lazy men what would we do for preachers and politicians?
If there were no lazy people what would the charitable do?
PIED PIPER.

A Little Heroine.

JUST two weeks ago, in an article on "The Athletic Girl," I referred to the plucky act of the two Canadian girls who swam out and rescued a boy who was drowning in the Humber River, declaring that "our girls" were not lacking in cool courage. Since then a young Toronto girl has brought even nearer home to us the spirit of bravery that leads to noblest self-sacrifice. Little Nan Ward, a shy, bashful girl, only fifteen years old, gave her life last week in the vain attempt to save the life of a child who was hardly more than a stranger to her. Everyone who knew her, from the priest who had given her Holy Communion to her little playmates, has spoken of her childish grace and sweetness. Her life closed with a deed so touching in its sublime unselfishness that the whole community has been stirred and a lovely inspiration has been left to her loved ones which makes her death not all a tragedy.
CANADIANE.

The Doer of Good.

IT was night-time and He was alone.
And He saw afar off the walls of a round city and went towards the city.
And when He came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy, and the laughter of the mouth of gladness and the loud noise of many lutes. And He knocked at the gate and certain of the gate-keepers opened to Him.
And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars were hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And He entered the house.
And when He had passed through the hall of chalcidony and the hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea-purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine.
And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder and said to him, "Why do you live like this?"
And the young man turned round and recognized Him, and made answer and said, "But I was a leper once, and you healed me. How else should I live?"
And He passed out of the house and went again into the street.
And after a little while He saw one whose face and raiment were painted, and whose feet were shod with pearls. And behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a cloak of two colors. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol, and the eyes of the young man were bright with lust.
And He followed swiftly and touched the hand of the young man and said to him, "Why do you look at this woman and in such wise?"
And the young man turned round and recognized Him and said, "But I was blind once, and you gave me sight. At what else should I look?"
And He ran forward and touched the painted raiment of the woman and said to her, "Is there no other way in which to walk save the way of sin?"
And the woman turned round and recognized Him, and laughed and said, "But you forgave me my sins, and the way is a pleasant way."
And He passed out of the city.
And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping.
And He went towards him and touched the long locks of his hair and said to him, "Why are you weeping?"
And the young man looked up and recognized Him, and made answer, "But I was dead once, and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?"—Poems in Prose.

Confetti.

Life seems a royal road when it is death that stares one in the face.
Only the love of deathless things makes us immortal.
What is each generation but a tide? A little sound and fury, and each is drawn back into the ocean.
Mind is superior to matter until something gets the matter with the mind.
Luck is the alias of pluck.
The kettle is still black, even if the statement was made by the pot.
The yesterday that is past is of as little value as the to-morrow that never comes.
Economy may be the road to wealth, but it is no speed-way.
Nature teaches optimism, but she has many backward pupils.
A woman is glad to be twenty, ashamed to be forty, sorry to be sixty, and proud to be eighty.
Murder will out and hate will out, but love and truth take a long time to be discovered.
The impulsive woman has all sorts of excuses made for her—and the wise woman is seemingly impulsive.
A fool and his money may be soon parted; but occasionally a prudent wife keeps it in the family.
His wife never displays any tact; either she makes a fool of herself by sitting up for him, or shows her negligence of his comfort by retiring.
Grass widows may, of course, be blue,
But I have never seen
(No more has any one of you)
A single one that's green.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

ROBERT JOHN—Bob, to old ladies and the boys alike, when elections approached in the good old days—Fleming rushed down to his front gate to meet me and shook my right arm loose from the shoulder.

"My dear boy, don't mention it," he pleaded, with tears in his voice, when I apologized for troubling him with an interview. My greatest pleasure in life is found in making other people happy. Come right in, old man, and make yourself at home. Here, have a cigar, and please put your feet up on the piano and be comfortable."

I confess I was somewhat overcome for a moment by the unwonted warmth of my reception. I tried to stammer out some appropriate words of thanks, but my host cut me off short.

"Please, please don't," he cried with evident emotion: "it pains me to have you think yourself unwelcome. Did you but realize the true pleasure your visit affords, I feel sure you would assume an air of condescension in recognition of my humility. Pray permit me to make your notes for you. Do, like a good fellow. It grieves me to see you work while my guest."

I must admit right here that if I had had a dozen votes every one should have been cast for Fleming, no matter what office he might have wanted to be running for. It is only the faintest shadow of justice to say he is the "nicest man I ever knew." Metaphorically speaking, I kicked myself severely for not having had my name put down as that of the tenant of a score or so of houses in the days before the city put him on a pension as Assessment Commissioner—in the days when he had to shake hands for a living. However, I had to suppress my nobler feelings and get down to business.

"So the judge has apologized for having been forced to listen to the charges brought against you, Mr. Fleming?"

"Yes," he admitted, modestly.

"Do you intend to bring any action against your maligners and persecutors?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! No, no! Not for worlds. I shall leave them to the pangs of their own consciences. Vengeance is not mine—it belongs to another, more wise and just."

I attempted to protest, but he stuck to his humble self-deprecation.

"But if you do not take any steps in the direction of prosecution, will not the people be unjust, enough to think you are anxious to let well enough alone?"

He smiled sadly. "Perhaps, perhaps," he mused, half aloud, "but—here I had to lean over to catch the scarcely-uttered words—"But my office is not elective—no, thank Heaven, it is not elective." He stroked his beard thoughtfully—and one of the remaining fragments of whitewash came off in his fingers.

"And does your forgiveness extend to Harry Page?"

"Poor Page!" he groaned. "Poor boy!" He wiped away a tear and shook it out of the window. "Pardon my weakness, but whenever I think of Page I weep. His case is particularly sad. He had the misfortune to cross my path, and the fate that pursues all my enemies has overtaken him, quite without assistance from me. It is a strange thing, but I fully believe in the legend of the Wandering Jew. Indeed, I will go further, and say that I believe the insult of any perfect man will be overtaken by an awful form of Divine Justice. Henceforth Page will be cast off from the light of my countenance, and his days shall be days of toil and sorrow, without the sound of the soft voice in his ear to soothe him or the touch of velvet hand upon his shoulder to cheer him on."

The room in which we sat was growing dark; the tones of the Man's voice were as the sounds of the trickling milk of Jersey; his manner was awful, surcharged as it was with righteousness and sorrow—and round his head the halo glowed and sparkled with alternating brilliancy and faintness, regulated by his respiration. I drew nearer to him that I might the better see to jot down my notes.

"Pardon my forgetfulness," he said, "but would you not like a little more light?" He threw out a great deal of the halo sprang into new life, illuminating the apartment to the brightness of sublimated moonlight. It was a remarkable phenomenon, but, knowing the Man as I did, I can truthfully say I was not surprised—the perfect life always brings unusual rewards.

Though I felt strangely at home, for one so unworthy, in such exalted company, I could not bring myself to ask him any direct question. It seemed more proper to wait for voluntary gems.

Presently he said: "Of course the public must be anxious to hear what my opinion of the whole investigation is. Such curiosity is but human. Well, you may tell them that my only regret is that the affair took up considerable of the time that I might otherwise have devoted to the service of the city. Naturally I am pained that a great deal of money should have been spent to establish a fact which should have been well known for years—that my life is given up to the service of others, that I continue to inhabit this dreary world only that my fellow-citizens may reap the benefit of my poor labors, and be led by my example to reach for higher things. You might also say that in future when people have any doubt as to the singleness of purpose with which I perform my duties, they can avoid trouble and expense in satisfying their curiosity by purchasing a copy of my official newspaper—the Toronto "Telegram." In it will always be found a simple confession of my thoughts and endeavors, with hints to prosecution, judiciary and witnesses in case of investigation."

"Speaking of hints to prosecution," I broke in—somewhat abruptly, I confess—"can you favor me with an explanation of Mr. Riddell's remarkable conduct in addressing the court concerning the evidence of your persecutors? One day he spoke as if reading from the notes of your dearest friend, while the next one might have suspected an enemy of tampering with his speech."

The Commissioner leaned back in his chair and laughed quietly, while the halo blazed and flickered. "Oh," he explained, with a smile, when he had recovered his self-possession, "oh, really, Riddell did put it on a bit thick that first day. I admit I am something of a martyr, but I don't like to have the fact published in all the papers. It sounded so bald, you know. And, besides, it was likely to arouse suspicion. I really had to object." He resumed his quiet laugh.

"But you don't mean to say you called it off?"

"No, no, no—certainly not. I never say anything like that. No, no, please don't misunderstand me. I distinctly refuse to say that I called it off—or that I had anything at all to do with Mr. Riddell's conduct of the case. You see, he was representing the people—and I am only one of the people—only a solitary citizen." He picked a little more whitewash from his whiskers and regarded me with twinkling eyes.

"You're a wonderful man, Mr. Fleming!" I blurted out in uncontrolled admiration.

He held up his hand in protest. "Only a poor public servant, sir—only a poor public servant."

"Morgan calls you a friend of the workers," I insinuated. "And Morgan is right. I am a worker myself. Indeed, I have been called a master worker. Even my enemies call me that. I always try to do my duty—and sometimes other things on the side. I strongly believe in doing things. Most things were created that they might be done. Let us all go on doing—one man here, another there—and our lives will be successful."

I felt for my watch, found it, sighed my relief, remembered an important appointment at the office and, bidding a hasty adieu, vanished.

JAQUES.

Civic Questions.

If John had seven apples and gave three to Tom, and Tom had two left after giving four to Dick, how much will the city save this year through the amalgamation of the different School Boards?

Which is easier to find—the third last house on the second road to the right after you pass the blacksmith shop, or a Toronto residence numbered on the present system?

Which is the more reasonable objection—that of "the cloth" against Sunday church parades, or that of the average layman to the musical church bell?

W. A. C.

Personality is the magic something that wins the prizes in life's lottery.



GRACE CHURCH CRICKET CLUB.

This club belongs to the Church and Mercantile League and defeated the Parkdale Cricket Club in an exhibition game on Saturday last. The Grace Church Club is at the head of the league, having won 8 games out of 9, there being 9 teams in the league. Their only defeat was by the Dovercourt Club.

A Song of Yonge Street.

Just a pile of dirty bricks,
Just a smell of tar;
Just a bit of torn-up track
Where the toilers are!

Just a row of bending forms
Baking in the sun;
Just a stretch of sunny sand
Where the cars should run!

Just a blooming Company
Feeling awful happy,
'Cause they've got the streets again
Looking sad and scrappy!

Just a naughty little "damn"
On a good man's tongue,
'Cause he has to walk to "Church"
Ere he gets a "Yonge!"

J. G.

A Prayer.

O POWERS That Be, make me sufficient to my own occasions. Teach me to know and to observe the Rules of the Game. Give me to mind my own business at all times and to lose no good opportunity of holding my tongue. Let me never lack proper pride or a due sense of humor. Preserve, oh, preserve me from growing stodgy and unimaginative.

Help me not to cry for the moon or over spilled milk; to manage my physical constitution and my practical affairs discreetly; never to dramatize my spiritual discomforts.

Grant me neither to proffer nor to welcome cheap praise; to distinguish sharply between sentiment and sentimentality, cleaving to the one and despising the other.

Deliver me from emotional excess. Deliver me from atrophy of the emotions.

When it is appointed me to suffer, let me, so far as may humanly be possible, take example from the dear, well-bred beasts, and go away quietly, to bear my suffering by myself.

Let me not dwell in the outer whirlwind of things and events; guide me, rather, to the Central Calm, and grant that I may abide therein. Give me, nevertheless, to be always a good comrade, and to view the passing show with an eye constantly growing keener, a charity broadening and deepening day by day.

Help me to win, if win I may; but—and this, O Powers! especially—if I may not win, make me a good loser.

Vouchsafe me not to estrange the other me at my elbow; suffer not my primal light to wane; and grant that I may carry my cup brimming, yet unspilled, to the last. Amen.—Eliza Atkins Stone.



A SPREADING FASHION.

If hats and veils get much bigger, what about the man in the middle?—"Punch."

By the Sad Sea Waves.

There was once a pair of young beaux
Who sported the loudest of clothes,
And the noise that they made
Put the sea in the shade.
By the sound of the serge, I suppose.

—"Punch Bowl."

"Do you think they'll be happy now they're married?"
"Well, I don't see why not; they eat the same kind of breakfast food, take the same brand of dyspepsia tablets, and wear the same make of hygienic underwear."

Cobb—You say her husband was a great literary genius?
Robb—He must have been. No one ever heard of him until after his death.

"Is it true, pa, that storks can fly one hundred miles an hour?"
"Well, not in Utah; they have too many stops to make."

From Children's Mouths.

One day I gave my little cousin a wintergreen lozenge, and, as it burnt her tongue, she turned to her mother and cried:

"Oh, muzzer, put dis in 'frigerator, quick."

Sister Jennie cut her finger one day and came to me to have it bandaged. After the finger began to throb she returned and said:

"I have a new heart in the end of my finger."

Four-year-old Robert had been teasing his father for a dog, so one day his father brought him a bob-tailed rat terrier. After Robert had looked at it a minute he burst into tears, saying:

"He isn't all there. Boo-hoo."

Small Bobby had met with a slight mishap, and was crying bitterly. "Come here," said his mother, "and let me kiss away the tears."

"W-wait a m-minute," sobbed the little fellow. "I ain't done c-crying yet."

A little boy was doing an errand for a blind lady.

"Give me a pound of tea," he said to the grocer.

"Green or black?" asked the man.

"It don't make no difference; it's for a blind lady," was the reply.

My little sister, less than five years old, was watching her mother prepare the cream for churning, when a fly dropped in the cream. As her mother was getting it out the little girl said:

"Mamma, we don't want to churn it up and make a butterfly out of it, do we?"

The Fishes' Festival.

Would you ever believe that the Fishes could sing?

Yet they once had a Musical Festival;

For they'd all had their scales since they'd been "in the swim."

The Starfish, of course, sang the best of all.

The Dolphin conducted; the tenors were led

By the Haddock, who took 'all the high C's.

The Bass was first bass, but the Cod was the one

You could always depend on in crises.

The Bullhead was set on duets with the Trout,

But the Butterfish soon made things smoother;

The Bluefish sang songs so pathetic and sad,

The Salmon was ordered to soothe her.

The Pickerel picked out the easiest parts;

The Nautilus flirted so naughtily

The Catfish and Dogfish soon quarreling were,

But she treated them both very haughtily.

The Swordfish sang sharp, and Flounder so flat

That the cunning young Cutters got giggling.

Then the chorus began, with andante so grand,

The Eel for once stopped his wild wiggling.

When the Jellyfish quivered in recitative,

The interest did not diminish;

The roystering Oyster and clamorous Clam

Were with all the rest at the finish.

But when the fortissimo passage was reached,

They seemed all their forces to rally;

They got along swimmingly, gliding from view

With a wave of their fins as finale.

CAMILIA J. KNIGHT.

The Strange Part.

"The doctors didn't know what was the matter with him."

"Well, there's nothing unusual about that."

"But they said they didn't!"

"Why don't you try to drive that horse without profanity?"

"It wouldn't do any good," answered the canal boatman.

"It ain't fair to the horse to ask it to start in at its time o' life to learn a whole lot o' polite synonyms."

"Why can't you marry me? It's true I'm not enormously rich, still I have an income plenty big enough to support us nicely."

"Yes, but think how ridiculously small the alimony allowed out of it will be."

"Everybody says my new dropstitch waist is simply intoxicating," joyfully remarks the fair young thing, turning about so that her prim aunt may see the garment in question.

"Intoxicating?" muses the aunt. "It ought to be. Looks to me as if you had taken several dropstitches too much."

Tickerly—Why do they say "dabble in stocks?"

Tapeson—It must be on account of the water that is in most of them.

Stranger—Pardon me, sir, but have you a wife?

Druggist (absent-mindedly)—No, but I have something just as good.

Coal being scarce one winter and contractors slow the next, how many times wiser than Solomon would a man need to be to foresee what excuse the Street Railway Company are trumping up for the poor service they intend to give us next winter?

The Heathen's Defence.

There once was a Hottentot tot

Who said, "If I oughtn't, why not?"

For were I to dress

I'd be, I confess,

A very hot Hottentot tot."—Ex.

Mrs. Jack's Charge.

THE girl is going to be married and will lose much of her identity and only three or four people know the facts, and they won't say anything, so the story may be told.

The moral of it all is that unworldly, old-fashioned parsons shouldn't be sprinkled around summer resorts. Another moral, only more so, that can be culled from the story, is that giddy-headed Canadian girls who imagine that luncheons in the palm room, two matinees a week at the Princess and a subscription to the Book-lovers' Library give them a knowledge of the world, shouldn't be chaperoned for any greater length of time than an afternoon tea by that particular kind of young matron who is fond of being described by the abbreviated Christian name of her husband.

It all happened during the hot spell a few days ago, which Mrs. Jack—we will call her Bollingbroke to even up with the Jack—said was so enervating that she couldn't think. Mrs. Jack's thinking, however, didn't depend on the thermometer except as it demanded changes of bewildering raiment.

Mrs. "Jack" was something more than merely "the jolly little woman" her friends accused her of being. She wanted much of the fun that goes with the unmarried summer girl even if six feet of big, good-natured sleepy Jack did exist crowned with a six-and-a-quarter hat. For that purpose she found an attractive, golden-haired girl to chaperone, of great assistance. Golden-haired girls of nineteen with melting blue eyes are attractive. Mrs. Jack trusted to herself as to the amount of fun she was going to get out of it after the be-flannelled, sunburned moths got within reach.

It was the fifth day after they had arrived and the young Englishman and I were gulping in as much of the cool breeze as we could, as we lay on an island half-way across the lake, and the young Englishman used naughty expressions. He was in love. He talked generally but I knew what he was driving at. Mrs. Jack had monopolized him. Another Englishman—there are two kinds of Englishmen; what would summer resorts do without both kinds?—had loomed up and was making love to the girl. And Mrs. Jack was aiding and abetting. She could then attend to her own affairs—and she had several.

"What have you against the chap?" I asked.

"I know him," was the laconic reply.

"Well, there they are," I said, pointing to a canoe. "Pretty high wind to take chances in crossing the lake this afternoon, but you Englishmen never will learn anything about the Canadian sun or the Canadian cold, or a Canadian canoe. There must be something special on to make them venture out in those white-caps. Looks as if they were eloping, by the mission church at the other side."

"Do you think so?" he asked anxiously.

"The charges of Mrs. Jack are liable to do anything," I said.

He said nothing for ten minutes, then he jumped to his feet.

"Come on. Tumble in. I'm going to see what is up, if it is none of my business. There are more women than one interested in that man."

The little semi-retired Oxford parson who was sleeping out his life in the Canadian backwoods, had begun to drone the marriage service, and as I stood with the young Englishman in the little church porch I felt foolish. The young Englishman was pale and nervous, and I heard him mutter, "It must not be. That little foolish girl! That sweet little foolish girl!" Then came the solemn question asking if anybody knew any reason why this man and woman should not be married, and winding up with the request to "speak now or forever hold their peace."

The young Englishman stepped into the doorway, and quietly said:

"I do."

The little parson dropped his prayer-book, the girl half screamed in her excitement, and the prospective bridegroom turned pale.

"That man will tell you the reason. If not, I will. And I may say if he wishes to catch the train he had better hurry. It leaves in an hour and a half."

Mrs. Jack told a lot of us the other day on the piazza of the summer hotel that the golden-haired girl had become engaged to a young curate the night before when the moon was full and the lake was perfectly lovely. "I am so glad. It is so delightfully safe to be a clergyman's wife. You simply have got to be good," she had said.

The girl probably thought as her chaperone, and anyway both young Englishmen had disappeared.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Death and the Faddist.

The stately messenger of Death

Strode in on Johnson Browne:

"'Tis time!" he said. "Yield up thy breath

And lay thy body down."

"Nay, nay!" pled Johnson. "Respite give!

I've just now bought a wheel!"

The herald smiled, and bade him live

A space to feast his zeal.

A decent interval—once more

The patient angel came.

"I'm playing golf!" wailed Johnson. "Fore!

Please leave. You'll spoil my game.

I've started on a bogey round—"

The angel bowed his head,

And with no further sign nor sound

On mission elsewhere sped.

Another wait—and in the gloom

Of evening he returned.

And found his Johnson in a room

Where bright the gas-jets burned

A table o'er. Snapped Browne, annoyed:

"Too soon! Not ready yet!"

And spanked a ball of celluloid

And shouted, gaily, "Set!"

Again the angel passed him by,

And gave him still a year—

To be received with angry cry:

"Great Caesar's ghost! You here?

I'm busy. Come 'round later. Scoot!"

And Browne, in goggles green,

A lever pulled, with warning toot,

And started his machine.

The angel vouchsafed smile nor bow,

But quickened to a run.

"'Twas wheel, 'twas golf, 'twas pingpong—now

Enough!" he chid. "Have done.

What say the statutes? Dust thou art—"

"Agreed!" laughed Browne. "With all my heart!"

And vanished up the street.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

All play and no work makes Jack a swell guy.

Jaggles—What do you think of the stand taken by people who won't work for a living?

Waggles—It is altogether too uncertain. Some fellows become millionaires at it, while others starve to death.

"What is religion, anyway?" demanded Sneerwell.

"Religion," replied Pecksniff, oracularly, "is the consolation of homely women."

Flykyns—How is he cutting down his yachting expenses?

Slykyns—When he goes on a cruise now he takes his own wife with him.

Madge—The people up here are most unpleasantly frank. They don't seem to have any secrets at all.

Dolly—Good gracious! What do they find to talk about?

Modern life has produced at least two wonders—a clock that won't stop for two years, and a cook that won't stop for two weeks.



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Janos

Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

Anecdotal.

In connection with Lord Curzon's return to England, this story is being told in London: An American globe-trotter dining with some English friends in Calcutta was asked if Americans took any interest in India. "Oh, yes," was the American's reply, "and they have some reason to do so. One day I met a lady I knew in a railway carriage, and she handed me a newspaper in which was a paragraph headed, 'India and Lady Curzon.' She settled down to read it with close attention, and when she had finished, I remarked to her, 'You are very interested in that item about India.' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am. When that young man came out here and married little Mary Leiter I always said that would make a man of him, and so she has.'

William Dean Howells spoke dinner of Mark Twain at a London dinner-party, and repeated one of his stories as illustrative of his great humor. As Twain had told it to him, there was a great fire, and an old man leaned out of an upper window screaming for help. "Everybody in the crowd seemed paralyzed," said Howells, "no ladder was long enough to reach the old man. The firemen said if he stayed up there he would be burned to death, and if he jumped he would be crushed dead. But I, with my presence of mind, came to his rescue. I rushed forward and yelled for a rope. The rope was brought to me. I threw the old man the end. He caught it. I told him to tie it around his waist. He did so, and I pulled him down."

The late George Francis Train was once dining in a fashionable restaurant where the insistent attentions of a colored waiter were very annoying. "Say," said Mr. Train, "if you don't bother me for the next five minutes, I'll place something beneath my plate that'll make your mouth water." The colored gentleman bowed courteously, and anticipatively waited in the rear. After Mr. Train had left his seat, the waiter turned the plate, and there found something which not only made his mouth water, but his teeth grate—a piece of chewing gum.

Professor William James, of Harvard, is very popular with the more intelligent and studious of the undergraduates. When he is lecturing, however, make rash or bold or unbecoming assertions, he does not hesitate to take them down. Not long ago a sophomore aired some rather atheistical views in one of the lecture rooms. "You," the latter said, "are a free thinker, I perceive. You believe in nothing." "I only believe—now—what I can understand the sophomore replied. "It comes to the same thing, I suppose," said Professor James.

One at least of the lately recessed recesses on London Bridge was associated with the following story was told to Sir Charles Dilke by the great German himself: During a visit to London, Bismarck was invited to inspect a famous brewer and in acknowledgment of his reputation for beer-drinking, an enormous tankard of old ale was set before him. "I seized the tankard," said the Iron Chancellor, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers, and succeeded in making my way as far as London Bridge. There, I sat on one of the stone recesses, and for a considerable length of time the great bridge went round and round me."

A friend of Philip Verill Michels, author of "Bruever Jim's Baby," tells this story of him. Mr. Michels was in London at the time, and one morning he informed Mrs. Michels that he had several friends, and would not be back for some hours. He was going to see a lawyer, a doctor and a literary agent, and after his business was attended to he would go to the office of his and go to see Goldsmith's grave. After a very brief period, to Mrs. Michels's surprise, he returned. "Why," exclaimed his wife, "how did you accomplish so much in such a short time?" "Because," said Mr. Michels, "the lawyer, the doctor and the literary agent were all out. The only one in was Goldsmith."

An American has brought from Paris a story of Rodin, the sculptor. "Rodin," he says, "received a raw daub of painting, a month or two ago, from a conceited young student.

"The Book Shop."

SUMMER STATIONERY

We make a specialty of Family and Social Note Paper and have some delightful lines of very thin paper eminently suggestive for warm weather correspondence.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
8 King St. West, Toronto

He accepted the painting gracefully, but he was much annoyed a week later to hear that the student was going about declaring: 'Rodin says the painting I gave him is better than the Degas over his chimney.' Rodin decided to take down this conceited young liar. So, meeting him one day at the Cafe de la Paix, he said, in the hearing of a good many mutual acquaintances: 'My house was robbed on Sunday night. Did you hear about it?' 'No,' said the youth. 'Was much taken?' 'Half a dozen suits of clothes, some silver, and—you know that painting of yours?—well, they cut it out of the frame, and—' 'Hurrah!' the youth interrupted, excited and pleased. 'Why, my fortune's made. The news of the robbery cut the picture out,' Rodin continued, 'and went off with the frame.'

General Bird W. Spencer, the president of the American Rural Resurgence, was describing to an English sportsman the West of the past. "Our old-time Western miner," he said, "had an ingenious and simple mind. There was no miner in Montana who would go to Anaconda one day to see an entertainment that had been announced. This entertainment was a play, but the miner had never seen a play—a panorama was the only sort of entertainment with which he had ever been regaled. Long before the hour to begin he bought his seat and entered the hall. He sat there in solitude for about twenty minutes. He was a poor creature—nothing but a gray, pyramidal mountain painted on a dark blue background. When the miner had looked his fill at it he rose and departed for his distant home. A 'pretty rotten panorama,' he was heard to mutter as he mounted his horse."

Barrett Wendell, professor of English at Harvard, cannot endure fulsome praise of any sort or in any disguise. This is well known to Cambridge undergraduates, and the school of any of them offend. At summer schools, where he is in great demand as a lecturer, he does not escape so easily. A year or so ago he gave a course in English literature at the University of California. At the first meeting of the class he asked the members to state in writing the benefits they expected to gain from the course. Many filled out the papers with laudatory references to Professor Wendell, but one young woman far surpassed all others. "I have long worshipped you from afar off," she began, "and now come to sit at your feet and give inspiration from your gifted lips." Professor Wendell read the paper at the next meeting of the class with this caustic comment: "I have never known of a woman making such a fool of herself on a single page before."

General Cronje, who is visiting the St. Louis Fair, was asked to pose for his picture the other day by a newspaper photographer. "I am too modest," said the Boer leader, laughing. "But a great man like you?" the photographer began. "Oh, I am a great man," said General Cronje, "but I am still more modest." "Let me tell you about the modesty of a king—King Frederick VI. of Denmark—who really was a great man," said General Cronje. The pupils were intelligent and alert. He put a number of questions to them. "What," he said finally, "are the names of Denmark's kings?" The well-to-do boys answered in chorus: "Canute, Waldemar and Christian IV." Then the schoolmaster bent over a boy and whispered something, whereupon the boy rose and raised his hand. "Well," said the King, "do you know another?" "Yes, Frederick VI," the boy answered. The King smiled. "What great deed did he perform?" he asked. The boy was silent. He thought hard. Finally he stammered, "I don't know." "Well, my child, be comforted," said the King, "I don't know, either."

Memories of Greatness.

The Great Man was sitting in his study enjoying a pipe with an old friend, and indulging in reminiscences of his life. For twenty years he had been in the public eye and no man had tasted more of the sweets of notoriety. He had seen his name in the newspapers, and his papers from the time when he was first mentioned as being "also present" at banquets, to the culminating point where he was habitually the guest of the evening, and saw his remarks in the morning under severe heads. Scarcely a day passed but his picture appeared either in connection with some political triumph or a patent medicine.

He had posed for his picture at all hours of the day and night, eating and drinking, speaking and thinking. He had been snap-shot and had been both by the camera and the pen. He had been in the most talked-about men in the United States, and his name had appeared in more different ways before the public than that of almost any other man. Now tell me what appearance of his name in public gave you the most pleasure.

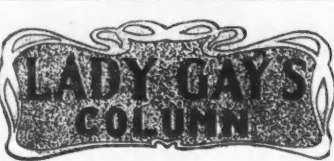
The Great Man ruminated over his pipe for a few minutes, and then replied: "Well, I think that I never got so much of a thrill out of seeing my name in public as I did when for the first time I stole a piece of chalk from the teacher's desk, in a schoolhouse, and wrote my name in full on the railing of the bridge on the way home."

How Animals Commit Robberies.

A curious co-operative system obtains among animals, and a diverting account is given by a traveler of a highway robbery committed on a heron by a bunch of black rooks, aided by a couple of dishonest followers in black and white.

The heron had gone a-fishing, and had caught and eaten an eel and some smaller fry. On his way home he was accosted by a cawing crowd and two hooded crows, and requested to stand and deliver his hard-earned supper, the magpies waiting to see if they could get any profit out of the nefarious business. They were sleeping partners in the firm. Driving the heron to an open space between two woods, the crows came to close quarters with their victim. One struck at his head from above, while another pecked at his sides. The third seized him by the feet, which were thrust out behind when flying, and upset him so that he turned a complete somersault. At this the villains cawed hilariously.

Unable to stand their treatment, the heron disgorged a fish, which the magpies seized and made off with. Another somersault was turned, and a second fish fell to one of the crows. Seeing he could not get rid of the remaining thieves, the heron at last yielded up the eel, and went home peacefully, while the crows had a tug-of-war with the fish.



TOILETTE

HERE are two ways of getting into a hot bath. One may either consider the heat or ignore it. A good way for a woman to arrive at the latter state of mind is to reserve some special stuff for wearing, and put on hot days and then to wear it with a cool and tranquil demeanor. "I once knew a girl with a splendid figure, who owned a beautiful little house, and who was very cold day I met her wearing this gown, with no other wrap than a coquettish little collar of rich fur. 'Aren't you perishing?' I asked unthinkingly. 'Oh, no,' she laughed, with a roguish glance; 'I am never cold in this dress.' It may also be possible to wear white lace and ribbons and never be hot in them! The blazing sun found every south-east window in the sanctum tight-closed to-day, and across the biggest of soft table-cover was pinned wet and cool. Now and then the woman who cares for comfort looks out of the window and turned it against the upper part of the cloth, pressing it close and moving it back and forth until it was empty and the cloth laid flat over. The four open north-west windows caught the wind and it wafted across the rooms beneficently. After three o'clock the ladies had kindly shifted south and up went the south window, while the north ones were closed and curtained. When people came in they said: 'Oh, how fresh and cool you are! because you are up so high, isn't it?' Then, for garments, one has the short thin kimono and skirts of lawn, a bit stiffened, and one must keep the mind upon pleasant things and the hair loose and fluffy, and use store of lemonade replenished. You say: 'Oh, any one can be cool looking about doing nothing but drinking lemonade.' But when you are in a hot room, I don't think that is a lot of fun. I once in the sanctum this broiling day—mending, letter-writing, all the household tidying and cleaning. A woman fretted all day long next door to the sanctum, and every one agreed with her, with sighs and groanings. And yet, in the city flat, up high above the green trees, packed about all sides with glowing brick walls, it has been cool and peaceful, and busy and pleasant. "Just think of the poor creatures in New York tenements and filthy streets," said one old maid, who, in sympathy, seemed to be confined to remote objects, as she sank upon the sofa. "What's the use of thinking about them?" asked the other. "It makes us uncomfortable, and does them no good. I was just thinking of an iceberg I saw last summer, and wondering if I should see seventeen at once again this year. And there's my lesson—be content with what you have. I must thank him for such a large piece." Which she did, and the ice-cream, who had cheerfully lugged up a small iceberg sixty or seventy steps, and heartily, "Oh, I'll always look after you well!" till the woman had to check the little glow at the heart which greets such good-natured service for fear it might warm her up too much, and she did not do her best, grateful in hot weather! The clever man drifted in to talk books and told about a cataract nine hundred feet high, and in the hinterland of the Andes and by and by evening came and the hottest day was done.

There is in Paris a certain little kiosk where newspapers are sold, and people have for years bought from a slim, silent, polite woman, who has grown a trifle queer and greyer each year, ever since the year of the Exposition of '89, when she first began her occupancy of the kiosk. Regular customers have sometimes made more than the customary polite request or greeting, and the girl has responded in one or two words. The woman was there to sell papers, not to gossip, as one realized full soon. Some of her oldest customers, two old gentlemen, who were regular buyers, asked for her name. "I am called Marguerite at home, mesdemoiselles," she said, with a slight bridling of reserve, so that neither of the curious old maids dared say, "Marguerite what?" Though they both wanted to. The other day there was a new woman, stout, buxom, chatty, selling papers in the place of Marguerite. The old gentlemen, who were regular buyers, asked for her name. "I am called Marguerite at home, mesdemoiselles," she said, with a slight bridling of reserve, so that neither of the curious old maids dared say, "Marguerite what?" Though they both wanted to. The other day there was a new woman, stout, buxom, chatty, selling papers in the place of Marguerite. The old gentlemen, who were regular buyers, asked for her name. "I am called Marguerite at home, mesdemoiselles," she said, with a slight bridling of reserve, so that neither of the curious old maids dared say, "Marguerite what?" Though they both wanted to.

Curly Wig—I think I probably waited for you to realize that we don't publish this paper for our health. Many persons greet me to me to look up and post to them certain back numbers, enclosing neither cash nor postage stamps. Of course I'm obliged to disobey their commands. Want of thought is what's the matter with them. I should not care to make a study from your enclosure, which is unsigned. It is a virtue and somewhat able bit of writing, but lacks heart and sweetness. I should fancy the writer was a companion, a fluent speaker, and a person apt to be master when he chose.

Ayesha.—To tell you the plain truth was not possible in any way. I am not "horrified" by your notions; they only indicate a low development, a leaning to immaturity, and a phase of youth which you will likely emerge very much ashamed of yourself. Two things indispensable to the make-up of a decent woman seem to have temporarily forgotten rather for yourself and respect for the other woman. She has rights in the matter, you have absolutely none. You are confessing so much of inner weakness. Love? My poor creature, you mustn't use such unusual language. Such an inappropriate name. Now, will you be good? As for the man, "between the devil and the deep sea," he is absurd. Mind that word. He is contemptible and it is you who make him so. Men are better than women in this sort of muddle. If I were such a person as you seem to be I should go and give myself up to a big Bobby after breaking a plate-glass window in some shop where I had been cheated and go cheerfully to jail for thirty days. After that sort of lute de miel (lute de penitence, rather) you might be comparatively sane. Please don't write again. I do not enjoy such confessions as yours.

A Westerner.—More elaborate Easter greetings! Mea culpa, fair girl. You forgive the effective. Excuse this one? Your writing is strong, decided and dominant; a nice handful you'd be to command. There isn't much sentiment and very little refinement yet showing, but you are young. I think your adjectives are wild and woolly. "Exciting" is a new one on me, so is some of your orthography—but, never mind, you are still young. There is great snap and good control in your lines and if your geese are all a-swarm it's as it should be. So you depend on men for your amusement? A healthy sign, my good Westerner. In young folks, will you wait a little longer before you ask for complete dissection. It is a cruelty to your great state. You are clever, able and energetic, and have capital fluency and form.

Anna.—There is sentiment and a certain amount of satisfaction in these lines. Writer is cautious and inclined to mistrust outsiders, which makes her discreet and somewhat reserved. Her nature is bright and natural ability very good; writer should be a good administrator, a clear and long-headed thinker and a planner and person apt to be emotional and capable of great loyalty and warmth of affection. She is neither ambitious nor optimistic, and prefers to lean upon a strong arm rather than to go independently. With all this, she has great individuality, and will not be easily turned from a purpose or an idea. It is quite an interesting and by no means commonplace study. Writer has taste, and likes things good and handsome rather than showy and cheap. The quality of persistence seems strong, and the mental power clear and deliberate. I should fancy "Anna" full of good sense.

Ham.—Those poor friends of yours!

earn her scant living. The little room was suffocating and the plain board coffin seemed to hold roughly and unfeelingly the sweet gentle face and form. Three wilted white flowers were cast upon it; the match-seller's breakfast money had bought them. Each footstep made the match-seller shudder and gasp, at the thought of losing even the semblance of her only friend. Many footsteps came at last, hurrying up the narrow, steep stair, along the dark passage, and the door was thrown open upon the horrible scene, the weeping girl, the lowly coffin, the three drooping roses. A tall gentleman, a tall lady, a trembling girl, stood speechless, looking upon this touching picture, then the tall gentleman beckoned and two men entered. "This," said the gentleman, "is the body I sought. Remove it to my residence, where you will coffin it suitably." The men lifted the rough case and swept the three roses to the floor. When all had gone, the match-seller caught up the three roses, and in doing so something very fine and filmy came with them. It was a tiny square of muslin frilled with lace, which had dropped from the hand of the tall lady as she beamed away the body of Mademoiselle Marguerite. The match-seller stared at it, examined the coronet with the letter "M" worked upon the muslin, and then reading it in little bits threw it out upon the floor. Then she put the three roses together and stole down stairs, running from corner to corner after the undertaker's wagon until it paused before a "hotel" of magnitude and pretension. The match-seller was fairly with grief and hunger, but she met the frown of the undertaker's man bravely. "She was my friend, sir," she said gently, "and I brought her these." The man put the faded roses in the coffin. "I will tell the Marquis," he said. "They will leave them with her." "I thank you, sir," said the match-seller, and slowly took her way home. Once paused and shook her head. "I wish," said she regretfully, "that I had not posted that letter. Then I could have known where Mademoiselle was buried, and put a flower now and then upon her grave."

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Geographical studies must be of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in order unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures, unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Hortense.—Your Easter wishes have been long unacknowledged. I haven't read either of the books you mention, but will look up the "Master of Mankind" and see if he's like the few I have known in the flesh. I have no doubts, November will bring you well under Scorpio, the great water sign, the power of the ocean, and you seem one of the happy few who have a true appreciation of the beautiful, love of and receptivity to gentle and humane influences, great capacity for affection, good method, and some business ability. There is a touch of healthy pride and rather a wise and broad outlook. The will is reliable, imagination is good, and temper better than usual. It is, or ought to be, the writing of an harmonious and contented creature, adaptable, pleasant, and wise.

Curly Wig—I think I probably waited for you to realize that we don't publish this paper for our health. Many persons greet me to me to look up and post to them certain back numbers, enclosing neither cash nor postage stamps. Of course I'm obliged to disobey their commands. Want of thought is what's the matter with them. I should not care to make a study from your enclosure, which is unsigned. It is a virtue and somewhat able bit of writing, but lacks heart and sweetness. I should fancy the writer was a companion, a fluent speaker, and a person apt to be master when he chose.

Ayesha.—To tell you the plain truth was not possible in any way. I am not "horrified" by your notions; they only indicate a low development, a leaning to immaturity, and a phase of youth which you will likely emerge very much ashamed of yourself. Two things indispensable to the make-up of a decent woman seem to have temporarily forgotten rather for yourself and respect for the other woman. She has rights in the matter, you have absolutely none. You are confessing so much of inner weakness. Love? My poor creature, you mustn't use such unusual language. Such an inappropriate name. Now, will you be good? As for the man, "between the devil and the deep sea," he is absurd. Mind that word. He is contemptible and it is you who make him so. Men are better than women in this sort of muddle. If I were such a person as you seem to be I should go and give myself up to a big Bobby after breaking a plate-glass window in some shop where I had been cheated and go cheerfully to jail for thirty days. After that sort of lute de miel (lute de penitence, rather) you might be comparatively sane. Please don't write again. I do not enjoy such confessions as yours.

A Westerner.—More elaborate Easter greetings! Mea culpa, fair girl. You forgive the effective. Excuse this one? Your writing is strong, decided and dominant; a nice handful you'd be to command. There isn't much sentiment and very little refinement yet showing, but you are young. I think your adjectives are wild and woolly. "Exciting" is a new one on me, so is some of your orthography—but, never mind, you are still young. There is great snap and good control in your lines and if your geese are all a-swarm it's as it should be. So you depend on men for your amusement? A healthy sign, my good Westerner. In young folks, will you wait a little longer before you ask for complete dissection. It is a cruelty to your great state. You are clever, able and energetic, and have capital fluency and form.

Anna.—There is sentiment and a certain amount of satisfaction in these lines. Writer is cautious and inclined to mistrust outsiders, which makes her discreet and somewhat reserved. Her nature is bright and natural ability very good; writer should be a good administrator, a clear and long-headed thinker and a planner and person apt to be emotional and capable of great loyalty and warmth of affection. She is neither ambitious nor optimistic, and prefers to lean upon a strong arm rather than to go independently. With all this, she has great individuality, and will not be easily turned from a purpose or an idea. It is quite an interesting and by no means commonplace study. Writer has taste, and likes things good and handsome rather than showy and cheap. The quality of persistence seems strong, and the mental power clear and deliberate. I should fancy "Anna" full of good sense.

Ham.—Those poor friends of yours!



"OLD MULL" Scotch

Uric Acid the Trouble.

Uric Acid causes gout and rheumatism—forms renal calculi—lays the foundation of dreaded Bright's disease.

VICHY

is a natural solvent for uric acid. It neutralizes the acid—eliminates the excess from the system—keeps blood, bladder and kidneys free of this dangerous poison.

Genuine Célestins is sold only in bottles Vichy —NEVER in syphons or at soda fountains. Look for the neck label bearing the name of

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., MONTREAL, Sole Canadian Agents.



TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

Recommended by Physicians
Drunk by Connoisseurs

GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.



THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE...ALES

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops

Cheer up. The world comes to those who can wait. The "suspension of spring in the air" reads well as I fan myself and absorb lemonade. Your writing hasn't reached its fullest development, but has many good traits. You are generally cautious, don't light upon your own neck with the key of the safe. Your sequence of thought is clear and logical and your purpose practical, though sometimes rather fickle. You waste considerable force on unprofitable pursuits, but you will acquire concentration with years. There are traces of appreciation of culture and beauty and very good temper, sympathy and kindness. I should fancy you unconventional, hopeful and aspiring. There is nothing to indicate sex in your lines. A business hand, somewhat suggesting a college training.

Tom, B.C.—This is a very sensitive and not remarkably virile study. Writer must give exact date of birth-day, not year. The will is practical, but not dominant, purpose light, but constant. There is a good deal of thought and refinement in this study, some sentiment and a generally appreciative and alert mind. Writer looks too cool and conventional for a sensitive person, is methodical, careful, discreet and conservative. There is no suggestion of power to compel fortune to be kind. It is an attractive study. I wish you all the success you desire in the far west, but don't fret if it doesn't arrive. There are better things than success, friend.

Cynthia.—Indeed it was a bad omission. Your disposition is noble and generous, temper excellent and mind receptive, adaptable and productive. You have the dominant touch and a saving sense of humor. You are frank, with spasms of caution, decided and a trifle "imaginary." If your judgment sometimes errs it's a fault of the head rather than the heart, and pleasantness. You think clearly and can hold your own in argument, a form of amusement you don't care for.

Warm Weather Bad Stomachs.

Tone up the Stomach with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and Neither Heat nor Work will bother you.

The warm summer days give one a disinclination to eat, more especially those who are unable to escape to the mountains or seashore. That's what causes that languid, lazy feeling—that disinclination to do anything except yawn.

Do you know that it's your stomach that's to blame? Watch the man who can eat a good hearty meal how much better he can stand the heat and do a day's work as well.



Taking it all around, there is no Summer delicacy so useful or so healthful in cottage or in camp as

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

It is always sold in opal jars and is always of the same high quality as has made it famous.

MASSAGE

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro-Massage, Swedish movements, and the Nautilus method of treatment for diseases of the head, neck and spine. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes
155 ROBERT ST. Phone N. 16

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by AJAX HARMLESS HEADACHE CURE. No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, soe and age. All dealers or direct from Austin & Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

DON'T HARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's wrong by aid of Flashlights on Human Nature, on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to, see pages, illustrated, 35 cents. But to introduce it to you, we give it to you for postage, 10 cents. N. HILL PUBL. CO., 155 East 28th Street, New York.

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.



THE coming musical season promises to be more notable for the appearance of great solo artists than the last. Announcements are already out that we may expect in Toronto Ysaye, Marteau and the remarkable virtuoso, Frank Vasey, representing the violin; Eugen D'Albert, the renowned solo pianist, and possibly Mme. Gadsdill, the great singer late of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A big musical event which is hinted will also be a feature of the Toronto season will be a production of Wagner's opera "Parsifal."

The University of Toronto curricula in music for 1904-5 have just been published, and copies can be obtained from the registrar, Mr. James Brebner. The requirements for the different classes of candidates at the local examinations appear for the most part to be very reasonable, presuming that a fair percentage of the possible marks will be obtained.

A lady has been lecturing in New York on the influence of music. In the course of her remarks the fair lecturer asserted that "certain kinds of music prevent the hair from falling out, and other kinds prevent baldness." She further told her audience that "those who play their own compositions on the piano preserve, and often acquire, a luxuriant growth of hair," and in the direction of further enlightenment on this hair, or hairless performance of discourse, that "the violoncello and harp have also a tendency to preserve the hair; but wind instruments, especially the trombone and cornet, are fatal to hair's adornment." We are further told that at the close of the entertainment several professional musicians stated that the lecturer's deductions—especially the baldness due to certain deductions of hair—coincided with their own observations. It is therefore evident that a composer who wishes to preserve the natural covering of his person should either keep up his pianoforte playing or else assiduously practice the violoncello or harp. To become a trombonist or cornetist would seem to be a somewhat barbarous line of action, resulting in a loss of hair.

"Helene," the new opera by Saint-Saens, reached London within four months after its first performance at Monte Carlo, the principal role being assigned to Mme. Melba. Inasmuch as the eminent French composer was born in 1835, it was taken for granted by some that his latest work would show signs of senile poverty of invention, but the "Daily Telegraph" denies that there is such a poverty, any more than in the case of Wagner's "Parsifal," and Verdi's "Falstaff." "Attention," says the critic of that journal, "will no doubt be called to the absence of 'taking tunes' by those who forget that the composer, more especially in his operatic works, has never been in the habit of tickling the ears of the less cultivated. The musical character of the whole work is nearer to the austere austerity of Gluck, but of a Gluck conscious of all the resources of modern harmony and rich orchestration, and in particular of the Wagnerian trilogy." The composer's taste in his libretto, and the tableaux were found most poetic and effective.

Now that Dvorak is dead great interest is being taken in the details of his early career, and the newspaper press are publishing reminiscences of his first struggles for recognition. From some of these we learn that Dvorak practically discovered the genius of the Bohemian composer. While Brahms was in his manners almost as brusque and bearish as Beethoven, he had a kind heart and was ready to assist a colleague who appealed to his taste and sympathies. In 1877, when Dvorak was as poor as a church mouse, yet determined to develop himself as a composer, he wrote to the Berlin publisher Simrock: "The state stipends have for several years given me occasion to become acquainted with composers of my rank. Anton Dvorak of Prague, which give me much pleasure. This year he sent among other things a collection of ten duets for two sopranos, with piano-forte, which altogether seem lovely and suitable for publication. He seems to have had it printed at his own cost. The title and unfortunately the texts are in Bohemian only. I am going to him to send you the songs. If you will play them over they will give you pleasure as they have given me, and from the publisher's point of view you will like particularly their quaint aspect. Only it would be very necessary to secure a good translation. . . . Dvorak has written all sorts of things—operas (Bohemian), symphonies, quartets, piano pieces. In any case he is a very talented man. At the same time poor! I beg you to bear this in mind. The duets will make their own appeal to you and may become a profitable investment." Simrock was the more impressed with this recommendation, because Brahms was very coy and hard to please in regard to new music. So Dvorak, who had been to Prague, visited the young composer in his garret, and bought the best of the many pieces Dvorak had ready in his desk. The result was the beginning of Dvorak's public career. In 1878 Brahms once more wrote to Simrock: "I would not even have written you as much as this had I not Dvorak in mind. I know not what further risks you are willing to take with this man. Moreover, I am no sort of a business man, and have no idea of where one may expect an interest in larger works. Nor do I like to recommend anything, because after all I have only my own eyes and ears, and these are unique. . . . Perhaps if you have any further intention to play and send for two string quartets in C major and D minor by him, and have them played for you. The best things a musician can have Dvorak has, and they are to be found in those pieces."

Miss Margaret McCoy, soprano soloist of Dundas Center Methodist Church, London, Ont., has resigned and accepted a position in Jarvis Street Baptist Church choir, Toronto.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson, choirmaster and organist of Dundas Center Church, London, who is coming back to Toronto to resume his former place in Wesley Church, was on Saturday last presented with a beautiful Morris chair and an address from his London choir.

Mr. Arthur Blight, the well-known baritone, who is at present in London, England, studying with the eminent voice specialist, William Shakespeare, has received the greatest encouragement from his teacher, who would like to see him take up study for the grand opera stage. Mr. Shakespeare

speaks in high terms of praise of Mr. Blight's voice. The latter will return to Toronto in September, when he will resume his classes in voice culture and singing.

The following curious placard, or bill of indictment against one of the tribe of "foreign music monsters," was exhibited in the Paganini collection at the Tercentenary Exhibition of the Municipal Company, which opened in London, Eng., on the 27th of last month:

TO THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL
Fellow Citizens—It is with feelings of unqualified disgust that I witness the announcement of Signor Paganini's performance to take place in this city; why at this period of distress, with the recollection of so many scenes of misery still fresh in our minds, and whilst subscriptions are required to the extent of our means, in order to relieve the suffering, why is this foreign fiddler now to appear? for the purpose of draining those resources which would be infinitely better applied to the exercise of the best feeling of man—Charity.

Do not suffer yourselves to be imposed upon, by the payment of charges which are well worthy of the name of extortion; rather suffer under the imputation of a want of taste than support any of the tribe of foreign music monsters who collect the cash of this country and wait it to their own shores, laughing at the indignation of John Bull.
PHILADELPHUS.
December 10, 1831.

It appears that Paganini visited Bristol just after the riots when upwards of 500 persons were killed by the military, or otherwise perished. He recorded that the great fiddler played to half-empty houses. Another interesting exhibit shown was the decorated virginal formerly in the possession of Nell Gwynne, the mistress of Adam Levesque, an English maker, in 1666, the year of the great fire in London. The painting on the case represents the Mail in St. James's Park, with a distant view of Arlington House. The painting, embossing and gilding of the virginal are all as fresh as if they had been recently done. A virginal, it may be remarked, was an oblong spinet, made like an Italian wedding coffer or "cassone." This make of instrument appears to have been adopted in England simultaneously with the "spinetta traversa" over which the "spinet" of Howard, Keens and the Hitchcocks.

The writers of leading articles for the press, like the novelists, make strange mistakes when touching upon musical topics. The following extract is from an editorial in a London newspaper: "The soldier and sailor have got authority for their call to arms; there is no more thrilling song than that in the oratorio 'Elijah,' which reads, 'The Lord is a man of war.'"

The London "Musical Times" calls the recent Brandon, Man., music festival on June 1 and 2, a gratifying result of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's visit to Canada last year.

The King has been pleased to confer the Royal Victorian order on Dr. Hans Richter, in token of the great and invaluable services, extending over many years, rendered by him to musical art in all countries.

Dr. Albert Ham has been at Victoria, B.C., conducting the musical examinations for the University of Toronto. Seven candidates presented themselves.

"In reality there is no French music, and in a general way we might say that music has no nationality," answered M. Vincent d'Indy, the French composer, when asked if the work of French composers could be considered particularly French. While a certain accuracy of dramatic color has been named as characteristic of French music, has it not also belonged, he asks, to the Italian Monteverdi, and to the German Gluck, as well as to the French Rameau? These expressions of opinion were given in answer to questions put by M. P. Landormy, who reports the interview in the "Revue Bleue." Said M. Landormy: "Can it be that in our musical past we do not find a single genius to be compared to Palestrina, Bach, Mozart or Beethoven? Can it be that in the domain of music Berlioz stands as our only great man? To which M. d'Indy replied: 'First of all, Berlioz does not appear to me as a musician; he is too much of a literary genius. Furthermore, he is as little French as possible. Note with what ease the Germans have adopted him. If he had imitators, it has been in Germany; and the young German school, of which Richard Strauss is the most brilliant representative, proceeds directly from Berlioz. All that can be said is that Berlioz brought back the public's attention to symphonic music.' M. d'Indy held that, beside the influence of Cesar Franck, that of Berlioz is almost nil. French music, however, does not submit passively to even Cesar Franck. We are tending toward something new. We desire, more or less consciously, to rest on a more complex music, to return to simplicity, which does not necessarily mean poverty. We are in the position of the man who at the end of the nineteenth century became wearied to death of the use—and sometimes abuse—of counterpoint." M. Landormy himself characterizes the influence of Berlioz in the following words: "I have the impression that a new spirit animates him (Berlioz); that his music is unique—his own—without being French, German or Italian. French composers no doubt will profit by his creations, and the methods of orchestration which he so ably adopted will be employed; symphonic poems will be written. We will become literary and romantic. But his style will not be imitated, no inspiration will resemble his, and the French musicians of the nineteenth century—be they Cesar Franck, Saint-Saens, Massenet, d'Indy or Dubussy—will seem to belong to a category of minds entirely different from his."—"The Literary Digest."

CHERUBINO.

A Hunt for Hoes.
"JOHN," remarked Mrs. Bliffkin to her husband, as they stood on the back porch, "do you see how the weeds are coming up all over this back yard? I wish you'd come out here when you get home tonight and hoe them up."

"All right," responded Bliffkin; "but I'll have to get a hoe first. We haven't any."

"Well," said Mrs. Bliffkin, "you'd better go into the Cash Department Store when you go down this morning, and get one. I saw some advertised for twenty-three cents in the paper this morning. Now, mind you don't forget it!"

In spite of the numerous business matters on Bliffkin's mind, he didn't forget about the hoe. He dropped off the car at the Cash Department Store and hurried inside, remarking to him-

self: "I ought to be at the office right now; but I'll take only a minute to get that hoe."

A floorwalker stepped up to Bliffkin looked about. "What department are you looking for, sir?"

"Hoe—do you keep hoes?" asked Bliffkin, as he looked about vainly for a sight of the article.

"Hoe? Yes, sir; this way; third aisle to the left. Miss Pillsen, will you please show this gentleman our latest styles of hoe?"

Then the floorwalker hurried away, leaving Bliffkin standing before a pretty young woman, who said: "Something for your wife, I suppose?" Bliffkin blushed. "I—ah—I—er—I am afraid the floorwalker doesn't understand what I—"

"Of course not! Those floorwalkers are such a stupid lot! Now, let me show you something real swell in hoes—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two—twenty-three—twenty-four—twenty-five—twenty-six—twenty-seven—twenty-eight—twenty-nine—thirty—thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three—thirty-four—thirty-five—thirty-six—thirty-seven—thirty-eight—thirty-nine—forty—forty-one—forty-two—forty-three—forty-four—forty-five—forty-six—forty-seven—forty-eight—forty-nine—fifty—fifty-one—fifty-two—fifty-three—fifty-four—fifty-five—fifty-six—fifty-seven—fifty-eight—fifty-nine—sixty—sixty-one—sixty-two—sixty-three—sixty-four—sixty-five—sixty-six—sixty-seven—sixty-eight—sixty-nine—seventy—seventy-one—seventy-two—seventy-three—seventy-four—seventy-five—seventy-six—seventy-seven—seventy-eight—seventy-nine—eighty—eighty-one—eighty-two—eighty-three—eighty-four—eighty-five—eighty-six—eighty-seven—eighty-eight—eighty-nine—ninety—ninety-one—ninety-two—ninety-three—ninety-four—ninety-five—ninety-six—ninety-seven—ninety-eight—ninety-nine—hundred—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five—hundred and seventy-six—hundred and seventy-seven—hundred and seventy-eight—hundred and seventy-nine—hundred and eighty—hundred and eighty-one—hundred and eighty-two—hundred and eighty-three—hundred and eighty-four—hundred and eighty-five—hundred and eighty-six—hundred and eighty-seven—hundred and eighty-eight—hundred and eighty-nine—hundred and ninety—hundred and ninety-one—hundred and ninety-two—hundred and ninety-three—hundred and ninety-four—hundred and ninety-five—hundred and ninety-six—hundred and ninety-seven—hundred and ninety-eight—hundred and ninety-nine—hundred and one—hundred and two—hundred and three—hundred and four—hundred and five—hundred and six—hundred and seven—hundred and eight—hundred and nine—hundred and ten—hundred and eleven—hundred and twelve—hundred and thirteen—hundred and fourteen—hundred and fifteen—hundred and sixteen—hundred and seventeen—hundred and eighteen—hundred and nineteen—hundred and twenty—hundred and twenty-one—hundred and twenty-two—hundred and twenty-three—hundred and twenty-four—hundred and twenty-five—hundred and twenty-six—hundred and twenty-seven—hundred and twenty-eight—hundred and twenty-nine—hundred and thirty—hundred and thirty-one—hundred and thirty-two—hundred and thirty-three—hundred and thirty-four—hundred and thirty-five—hundred and thirty-six—hundred and thirty-seven—hundred and thirty-eight—hundred and thirty-nine—hundred and forty—hundred and forty-one—hundred and forty-two—hundred and forty-three—hundred and forty-four—hundred and forty-five—hundred and forty-six—hundred and forty-seven—hundred and forty-eight—hundred and forty-nine—hundred and fifty—hundred and fifty-one—hundred and fifty-two—hundred and fifty-three—hundred and fifty-four—hundred and fifty-five—hundred and fifty-six—hundred and fifty-seven—hundred and fifty-eight—hundred and fifty-nine—hundred and sixty—hundred and sixty-one—hundred and sixty-two—hundred and sixty-three—hundred and sixty-four—hundred and sixty-five—hundred and sixty-six—hundred and sixty-seven—hundred and sixty-eight—hundred and sixty-nine—hundred and seventy—hundred and seventy-one—hundred and seventy-two—hundred and seventy-three—hundred and seventy-four—hundred and seventy-five



July 18th, 1904.

The United Arts & Crafts,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to enclose you cheque in settlement of your account for the furnishing and decorating of the Niagara Golf and Tennis Club, and take advantage of this opportunity to express to you our great satisfaction at the manner in which you have done this work. The artistic originality displayed has been very much admired.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Enclosures.

THE EMPORIUM OF Rare Persian Rugs



We have always over 2000 pieces of Rare and Antique Persian Rugs to choose from. It is a great satisfaction to buy an Oriental Rug at our store, as every piece is guaranteed to you genuine hand-made, and their history and characteristics explained by our native salesmen. Ladies are invited to inspect our new collection of Oriental Kimonos, Mantes and Russian Laces, Embroidered Silk Blouses, Etc., Etc.

Out-of-town orders always given our careful attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

(CANADA'S EXCLUSIVE ORIENTAL STORE.)

40 King Street East
WINNIPEG.TORONTO
LOS ANGELES.

VIAMI

THE
TORONTO VIAMI CO.SUITE L.
CONFEDERATION
LIFE BUILDING,
TORONTO,
CAN.

PHONE—MAIN 3049.

6 TICKETS FOR ONE DOLLAR

Good for admittance to the grounds at any time or to the grand stand in the afternoon only during all the

Canadian National EXHIBITION TORONTO

NUMBER STRICTLY LIMITED

They can be procured at any time before SATURDAY, AUG. 27th from any authorized agents throughout the city.



Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not leave for Muskoka, as reported. Their little daughter was ill, which changed their intention.

Mrs. and Miss Brouse will spend some time on the Atlantic coast. They leave immediately.

A charming home is almost completed in Crescent road for Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, who will move in next month.

Major and Mrs. Mason are home from their bridal trip. They returned last week. Mr. Thomas H. Stinson of Hamilton is a guest at Hanlan's Hotel.

Mr. Alan Gilmour of Brockville is this week the guest of Mr. Ralph Britton of Gananoque.

Mr. Clarence Kidd of Trinity College School, Port Hope, has entered the service of the Imperial Bank at Fergus. He was C. S.'s best man at cricket and Rugby, and the school loses a shining light in athletics.

Mr. S. Crawford Richards, one of Winnipeg's very popular young men in social and athletic circles, is to row for Winnipeg in the junior singles and doubles at the Canadian Henley, and after the regatta will spend his vacation in Toronto. Mr. Richards was a member of the Winnipeg Hockey Club's seven which played for the Stanley Cup last winter.

Mr. J. Argue Stinson of Hamilton and Mr. Robert Y. Cory of Halifax are guests at Cruesoe Island, Muskoka, at Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar's cottage.

Mr. Adrian Storm Rathbun is spending a prolonged vacation at Deseronto.

Mr. William W. Ferguson of St. Andrew's College is at North Bay for his vacation, where he is very popular.

Mr. Martin Martin, Jr. of Upper Canada College has gone to Winnipeg, and is spending his vacation at Kewatwin on the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. Kenneth L. Patton, who was a guest at Hanlan's Hotel, is spending the next few weeks at Kewatwin, Lake of the Woods. Among the guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss K. H. Richardson, Miss E. H. Richardson, Mr. W. J. H. Richardson of Whitby, Mr. S. C. Colt, Mrs. S. F. Colt, Mrs. A. M. Finch of Lancaster, N.Y., Mrs. F. L. Lovelace, Miss Katherine M. Lovelace of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Ormsby of Cortland, N.Y., Katherine Ormsby of Pittsburg, Mrs. A. M. Childer, Miss Childer of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., Mrs. William Hall of Youngstown, N.Y., Mrs. George Bence, Miss Connors, Miss A. T. Tackaberry of New York, Miss A. C. Powell of Yonkers, N.Y., Mrs. Tylee, Mr. G. R. Tylee of Montreal, Mrs. E. P. Smith and daughter of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hook of London, Mrs. George M. Elch, Miss Margaret Elch, Miss Edna Elch of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rutledge of Detroit, Mrs. E. W. Schuch, Dr. John A. McCollum, Mr. K. McCollum, Mr. R. Louis Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. Charles Kyle, Mrs. Bickford of Toronto, Miss Macy of England, Mrs. Moran of Chicago, Mr. T. J. McGuire of New York, Mr. R. McGuire of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Irene Louise Ritchie, daughter of the late John Ritchie, Jr., and Mr. Donald Walter Deeks, were married Saturday afternoon, July 9, at St. Peter's Church. It was a quiet but very pretty event, witnessed by only a few of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride was given away by an old friend of Mr. Ritchie, Mr. James Watt. Her wedding costume was a very pretty one consisting of an Eton suit of cream Doukhobor homespun, opening over a blouse of point d'esprit, in which she looked very charming. Her going-away hat was a white Panama, edged with sapphire and blue panne. Miss Edith Ritchie, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and was prettily attired in blue chiffon voile over white, with white tulle chapeau to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Berton Deeks. Among the handsome gifts received by the popular young bride was a splendid diamond and pearl sunburst from the groom. The bridesmaid received a beautiful pearl pendant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Rev. H. S. Musson, rector of Holy Innocents' Church, Indianapolis, Ind. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon at Proust's Neck, Me., and other points in the Eastern States. They expect to return in about a week to the Alexandria, where they have taken apartments.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Wilfrid Servington Dinnick, manager of the Standard Loan Co., Toronto, and Miss Alice Louise Conlin of New York.

Mrs. Z. Burnham, Miss Burnham and Miss Perry of Peterborough were in the city on Saturday last on their way down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. While in town they were entertained at lunch at the King Edward.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Adelaide Bannister, youngest daughter of the late Edward Bannister, to Mr. Arthur Dettmers Greene of Sturgeon Falls, Ont., son of Mr. W. A. Greene of Leamington, Ont., was quietly celebrated on Saturday, July 16, in St. Simon's Church by Rev. E. C. Cayley. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. J. E. A. Bannister, and wore a gown of ivory eolienne, with yoke of silk applique and bertha of accordion pleated chiffon. Her veil was held in place by a handsome pearl lace pin, the gift of the groom, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Florence Bannister, wore a gown of white Persian lawn, with black picture hat, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was a dainty pearl lace pin, and to the bridesmaid, Mr. J. W. McArdle of Markdale, a pearl stick-pin. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father the reception held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's mother, was attended only by relatives. Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Greene, parents of the groom, and his sister, Miss May Greene of Leamington, Ont.; Mrs. C. A. Gilchrist and Miss Jean Bannister of New York, and Mrs. John B. McCulla of Maple Creek, Assinibola, N. W.T., sisters of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Greene left on the 6.30 boat for a trip through the Western States, the bride wearing a becoming suit of pale grey basket-cloth. Before going to their new home in Sturgeon Falls they will spend a few days with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, their daughter and Miss McGee, are spending their summer at Grand Metis, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land are at Burlington for the season. Mr. Land has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. T. Godson and the Misses Godson are spending the summer in Muskoka.

Applying the Principle.

Ikey—Fader, I haf made a mistake in gifting der scharge to dot last customer. I I gave him twenty-five cents too little. His Father—Vell, Ikey, some wise man has said dot ve should try to brofit by our mistakes.

Mad Dog.

"THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN," published in 1833, says, for the bite of a mad dog: "Take ash-colored, ground liverwort, cleaned, dried and powdered, half an ounce; of black pepper, powdered a quarter of an ounce. Mix these well together, and divide the powder into four doses, one of which



Remain until the funeral.

must be taken every morning, fasting, for four mornings successively, in half an English pint of cow's milk, warm. After these four doses are taken, the patient must go into the cold bath, or a cold spring or river, every morning, fasting, for four mornings. He must be dipped all over, but not stay in (with his head above water) longer than half a minute if the water is very cold. After this he must go in three times a week for a fortnight longer. He must be bled before he begins to take the medicine."

It is very difficult to know just what is the best thing to do when a person is bitten by a mad dog, but my advice would be to kill the dog. After that feel the part of the leg where bitten, and ascertain how serious the injury has been. Then go home and put on another pair of pants, throwing away those that have been lacerated. Parties having but one pair of pants will have to sequester themselves or excite remarks. Then take a cold bath, as suggested above, but do not stay in the bath (with the head under water) more than half an hour.



It only irritates him.

If the head is under water, you may remain in the bath until the funeral, if you think best. When going into the bath it would be well to take something in your pocket to bite, in case the desire to bite something should overcome you. Some use a common shingle-nail for this purpose, while others prefer a personal friend. In any event, do not bite a total stranger on an empty stomach. It might make you ill. Never catch a dog by the tail if he has hydrophobia. Although that end of the dog is considered most safe, you never know when a mad dog may reverse himself.

If you meet a mad dog in the street do not try to quell him with a glance of the eye. Many have tried to do that, and it took several days to separate the two and tell which was mad dog and which was queller.

The real hydrophobia dog generally ignores kindness, and devotes himself mostly to the introduction of his justly celebrated virus. A good thing to do on observing the approach of a mad dog is to flee, and remain fed until he has disappeared.

Hunting mad dogs in a crowded street is great sport. A young man with a new revolver shooting at a mad dog is a fine sight. He may not kill the dog, but he might shoot into a covey of little children and possibly get one.

It would be a good plan to have a balloon inflated and tied in the back yard during the season in which mad dogs mature, and get into it on the approach of the infuriated animal.

This plan would not work well, however, in case a cyclone should come at the same time. When we consider all



Remain fed.

the uncertainties of life, and the danger from hydrophobia, cyclones and breach of promise, it seems sometimes as though the prison-house were the only

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.

Summer Resorts

Spend the
Summer at

Caledonia Springs

and cure
yourself of
rheumatism

Dri k "Magi" Caledonia Water at the Springs, the original and only Caledonia Water that bubble up out of the earth and cleanse the system of every trace of gout and rheumatism. These famous healing waters are a specific for all forms of Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles and by their wonderful cures during the last 50 years have become known all over North America.

The Grand Hotel

is one of Canada's finest. Newly furnished—equipped with every comfort and convenience. Perfect service and cuisine. Amusements for all.

For rates, routes, etc., address—

FREDERIC A. JONES, Manager
Caledonia Springs, Ont.

Grunwald Summer Resort

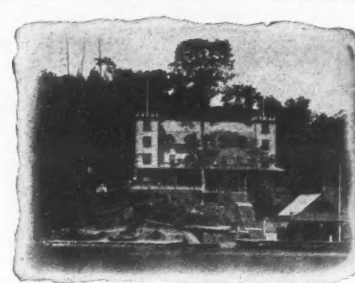
Highlands of Muskoka

Steamboat connection twice daily during the season. Daily mail on premises. Good boating, bathing, etc., etc. Latest cuisine equipment. Write for booklet to

W. L. GALL, Manager.

Huntsville, Ont.

After June 15th, address
Grunwald, Muskoka, Ont.



"THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Is something absolutely unique in this world."—President Roosevelt.

The popular route to this delightful spot is via Union Pacific to Monida, thence by stage to all points in the park.

The stage ride from Monida, by the splendid Concord Coaches of the Monida & Yellowstone Stage Co., through scenery hardly inferior to the park itself.

Very low rates during June, July, August and September

Inquire of

F. B. CHOATE, G. A.,
126 WOODWARD AVE.,
DETROIT - - - MICH.

PYMS NEW HOTEL

UP-TO-DATE in all its appointments. NEW ANNEX recently opened affording total accommodation for 75 guests. LOFTY ROOMS well furnished and most comfortable. Modern Sanitary arrangements. House lighted by Acetylene gas. Special attention is given to the cuisine. Terms \$1 to \$1.50 per day. Special rates for period. Address Mr. Ed. Pym, Huntsville, Ont., for further details.

HOTEL BRANT

Burlington, Ont.

\$4.50 from Saturday until Monday after breakfast. Coach meets Toronto boats on Saturday; also trolley connections. In order to popularize the New Hotel and Annexes we are making the following rates:

Two in a room, from \$10 to \$15 per week. Single rooms from \$12 to \$20. In the Bachelors' Hall rented to gentlemen only, the Wigwam to Ladies only, American plan \$3 and \$5 per week. Popular priced Club breakfasts and go. table d'hôte dinners. Beautiful lawns facing Lake Ontario. Just the place for conventions. CHAS. B. TRUITT, Manager.

Huntsville Sanitarium and Rest Home

NEW SUPERBLY LOCATED on the west bank of the Muskoka River. All Modern Conveniences and Appliances. Rates \$3.00 to \$25.00 per week. Hot and cold baths, shower baths, medicated and electric breeze baths, always ready.

Write J. W. HART, M.D.C.M., Medical Superintendent, Huntsville, Ont., for further details.

The Queen's Rogal Hotel

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Proprietors.

NOW OPENED FOR BUSINESS.

Special rates for June

New Casino, New Golf Links

and greatly improved in every way.

L. M. BOOMER, Manager.

place where a man could be absolutely free from anxiety.

If you discover that your dog has hydrophobia, it is absolutely foolish to try to cure him of the disease. The man is to trade him on at once for anything you can get. Do not stop to haggle over the price, but close him right out below cost.

Do not tie a tin can to the tail of a mad dog. It only irritates him, and he might resent it before you get the can tied on. A friend of mine, who was a practical joker, once sought to tie a tin can to the tail of a mad dog on an empty stomach. His widow still points with pride to the marks of her late husband's teeth on the piano. If mad dogs would confine themselves exclusively to practical jokes, I would be glad to endow a home for indigent mad dogs, out of my own private funds. "Pick-Me-Up."

Limit of Laziness.

Two darkies lay sprawled on the floor on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-ya-h! Dat would suttienly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hun'dred watermelions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me youse powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggers, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caln't wish fo' yo' own watermelions?"

Mrs. Casey—An' phat did th' docthor say alled ye? Mr. Casey—Appendicitis. Mrs. Casey—Och, worra! Oi knew say thot if ye wore thot new Sunday suit—"Judge."

Supplies for the Camp and Summer Cottage

Michie & Co.

7 King Street West, Toronto



The kind that clasps

The clasp does it

No Pins No Buttons No Hooks

No Sewing No Belts No Pails

Will not tear the finest Silk or Lisle Stocking.

Especially Adapted to the Straight-Front Corset.

More effective than either belts or pads.

Sold by all leading stores or sent by mail, postpaid.

Mercerized, 35c. Silk, 75c. Send for catalogue.

Wholesale Selling Agents

C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited

60 Yonge St., Toronto.



MUSIC

THE coming musical season promises to be more notable for the appearance of great solo artists than the last. Announcements are already out that we may expect in Toronto Ysaye, Marteau and the remarkable boy virtuoso, Frank Vecsey, representing the violin; Egon D'Alba, who plays the solo pianist, and possibly Mme. Gaski, the great singer late of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A big musical event which is hinted will also be a production of Wagner's opera "Parsifal."

The University of Toronto curricula in music for 1904-5 have just been published, and copies can be obtained from the registrar, Mr. James Brebner. The requirements for the different classes of candidates at the local examinations appear for the most part to be very reasonable, presuming that a fair percentage of the possible marks will be demanded.

A lady has been lecturing in New York on the influence of music. In the course of her remarks the fair lecturer asserted that "certain kinds of music prevent the hair from falling out, and other kinds prevent baldness. She further told her audience that "those who play their own compositions on the piano preserve, and often acquire, a luxuriant growth of hair, and in the direction of further enlightenment on this hair, or hairless portion of her discourse, that "the violoncello and harp have also a tendency to preserve the hair; but wind instruments, especially the trombone and cornet, are fatal to hirsute adornment." We are further told that at the close of the entertainment several professional musicians stated that the lecturer's deductions—especially the baldness due to certain deductions of hair—coincided with their own observations. It is therefore evident that a composer who wishes to preserve the hair should cover his pericranium should either keep up his pianoforte playing or else assiduously practice the violoncello or harp. To become a trombonist or cornetist would seem to be a somewhat barbarous line of action, resulting in a loss of hair.

"Helene," the new opera by Saint-Saens, reached London within four months after its first performance at Monte Carlo, the principal role being assigned to Mme. Melba. Inasmuch as the eminent French composer was born in 1835, it was taken for granted by some that his latest work would show signs of senile poverty of invention, but the "Daily Telegraph" denies that there is such a poverty; any more than the case of Wagner's "Parsifal" and Verdi's "Falstaff." "Attention," says the critic of that journal, "will no doubt be called to the absence of 'taking tunes' by those who regard the composer, more especially in his operatic works, has never been in the habit of tickling the ears of the less cultivated. The musical character of the whole work is serious, and the austerity of Gluck, but of a Gluck conscious of all the resources of modern harmony and rich orchestration, and in particular of the Wagnerian trilogy." The composer wrote his own libretto, and the tableaux were found most poetic and effective.

Now that Dvorak is dead great interest is being taken in the details of his early career, and the newspaper press are publishing reminiscences of his first struggles for recognition. From some of these we learn that Dvorak practically discovered the genius of the Bohemian composer. While Brahms was in his manners almost as brusque and bearish as Beethoven, he had a kind heart and was ready to assist his colleague who appealed to his taste and sympathies. In 1877, when Dvorak was as poor as a church mouse, yet determined to devote himself to the profitable task of composing, Brahms wrote to the Berlin publisher Simrock: "The state stipends have for several years given me occasion to become acquainted with the music of Anton Dvorak of Prague, which gives me much pleasure. This year he sent among other things a collection of ten duets for two sopranos, with piano-forte, which although seemingly unsuitable for publication. He seems to have had it printed at his own cost. The title and unfortunately the texts are in Bohemian only. I am asking him to send you the songs. If you will play them over they will give you pleasure as they have given me, and from the publisher's point of view you will like particularly their piquant aspect. Only it would be very necessary to secure a good translation. Dvorak has written all sorts of things—operas (Bohemian), symphonies, quartets, piano pieces. In any case he is a very talented man. At the same time poor! I beg you to bear this in mind. The duets will make their own appeal to you and may become a profitable investment." Simrock was the more impressed with the recommendation, because Brahms was very coy and hard to please in regard to new music. So he promptly journeyed to Prague, visited the great composer in his garret, and bought the best of the many pieces Dvorak had ready in his desk. That was the beginning of Dvorak's public career. In 1878 Brahms once more wrote to you, saying: "I would not even have written you as much as this had I not Dvorak in mind. I know not what further risks you are willing to take with this man. Moreover, I am no sort of a business man, and have no idea of where one may expect an interest in larger works. Nor do I like to recommend anything, because after all I have only my own eyes and ears, and these are unique. Perhaps if you have any further intentions you will send for two string quartets in C major and D minor by him, and have them played for you. The best thing a musician can have Dvorak has, and they are to be found in those pieces."

Miss Margaret McCoy, soprano soloist of Dundas Center Methodist Church, London, Ont., has resigned and accepted a position in Jarvis Street Baptist Church choir, Toronto.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson, choirmaster and organist of Dundas Center Church, London, who is coming back to Toronto to resume his former place in Wesley Church, was on Saturday last presented with a beautiful Morris chair and an address from his London choir.

Mr. Arthur Blight, the well-known baritone, who is at present in London, England, studying with the eminent voice specialist, William Shakespeare, has received the greatest encouragement from his teacher, who would like to see him take up study for the grand opera stage. Mr. Shakespeare

speaks in high terms of praise of Mr. Blight's voice. Mr. Blight will return to Toronto in September, when he will resume his classes in voice culture and singing.

The following curious placard, or bill of indictment against one of the tribe of "foreign music monsters," was exhibited in the Paganini collection at the Tercentenary Exhibition of the Musicians' Company, which opened in London, Eng., on the 27th of last month:

TO THE CITIZENS OF BRISTOL.
Fellow Citizens—It is with feelings of unqualified disgust that I witness the announcement of Signor Paganini's performance to take place in this city: why at this period of distress? with the recollection of so many scenes of misery still fresh in our minds, and whilst subscriptions are required to the extent of our means, in order to feed and clothe the poor: why is this foreign fiddler now to advertise his purpose of draining those resources which would be infinitely better applied to the exercise of the best feeling of man—Charity.

Do not suffer yourselves to be imposed upon, by the payment of charges which are well worthy of the name of extortion: rather suffer under the imputation of a want of taste than support any of the tribe of foreign music monsters who collect the cash of this country and waft it to their own shores, laughing at the infatuation of John Bull. PHILADELPHUS, December 10, 1851.

It appears that Paganini visited Bristol just after the riot, when upwards of 500 persons were killed by the military, or otherwise perished. It is recorded that the great fiddler played to half-empty houses. Another interesting exhibit shown was the decorated virginal formerly in the possession of Nell Gwynn, the manufacture of Adam Leversedge, an English maker, in 1665, the year of the great fire in London. The painting on the case represents the Mail in St. James's Park, with a distant view of Arlington House. The painting, embossing and gilding of the virginal are all as fresh as if they had been recently done. A virginal, it may be remarked, was an oblong spinet, made like an Italian wedding coffer or "cassone." This make of instrument appears to have been adopted in England simultaneously with the "Spinetta traversa" of the ordinary English spinet of Howard, Keens and the Hitchcocks.

The writers of leading articles for the press, like the novelists, make strange mistakes when touching upon musical topics. The following extract is from an editorial in a London newspaper: "The soldier and sailor have good authority for their calling, for there is no more thrilling song than that in the oratorio 'Elijah,' which reads, 'The Lord is a man of war.'"

The London "Musical Times" calls the recent Brandon, Man., music festival on June 1 and 2, a gratifying result of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's visit to Canada last year.

The King has been pleased to confer the Royal Victorian order on Dr. Hans Richter, in token of the great and invaluable services, extending over many years, rendered by him to musical art in all countries.

Dr. Albert Ham has been at Victoria, B.C., conducting the music examinations for the University of Toronto. Seven candidates presented themselves.

"In reality there is no French music, and in a general way we might say that music has no nationality," answered M. Vincent d'Indy, the French composer, when asked if the work of Hector Berlioz is representative of French music. There are a few national qualities revealed in the works of some composers, he added, but it would be difficult to ascertain which genre of musical beauty could be considered particularly French. While a certain accuracy of dramatic color has been named as characteristic of French music, he it not also belonged, he asks, to the Italian Monteverdi, and to the German Gluck, as well as to the French Rameau? These expressions of opinion were given in answer to questions put by Mr. P. Landormy, who reports the interview in the "Revue Bleue." Said M. Landormy: "Can it be that in our musical past we do not find a single genius to be compared to Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, or even to the French Berlioz? Can it be that in the domain of music Berlioz stands as our only great man?" To which M. d'Indy replied: "First of all, Berlioz does not appear to me as a musician; he is the author of a literary genius. Furthermore, he is as little French as German. Note with what ease the Germans have adopted him. If he has had any influence on the German school, it is the young German school, of which Richard Strauss is the most brilliant representative, proceeds directly from Berlioz. All that can be said is that Berlioz brought back the public's attention to symphonic music." M. d'Indy held that, beside the influence of Cesar Franck, that of Berlioz is almost nil. French music, however, does not submit passively to even Cesar Franck: "We are tending toward something new. We desire, more or less consciously, to rest from over-complex music, to return to simplicity, which does not necessarily mean poverty. We are in the position of the men who at the end of the sixteenth century became wearied to death of the use and sometimes abuse of counterpoint." M. Landormy himself characterizes the influence of Berlioz in the following words: "I have the impression that a new spirit animates him (Berlioz); that his music is his own—without being French, German or Italian. French composers no doubt will profit by his creations, and the methods of orchestration which he has so ably adopted will be employed; symphonic poems will be written. We will become literary and romantic. But his style will not be imitated, no inspiration will resemble his, and the French musicians of the nineteenth century—be they Cesar Franck, Saint-Saens, Massenet, d'Indy or Debussy—will seem to belong to a category of minds entirely different from his."—The "Literary Digest."

CHERUBINO.

A Hunt for Hoes.

"JOHN," remarked Mrs. Blifkin to her husband, as they stood on the back porch, "do you see how the weeds are coming up. I all over this back yard? I wish you'd come out here when you get home to-night and hoe them up."

"All right," responded Blifkin; "but I'll have to get a hoe first. We haven't any."

"Well," said Mrs. Blifkin, "you'd better go into the Cash Department Store when you go down this morning, and get one. I saw some advertised for twenty-three cents in the paper this morning. Now, mind you don't forget it!"

In spite of the numerous business matters on Blifkin's mind, he didn't forget about the hoe. He dropped off the car at the Cash Department Store and hurried inside, remarking to him-

self: "I ought to be at the office right now; merely take only a minute to get that hoe."

A floorwalker stepped up as Blifkin looked about. "What department are you looking for, sir?"

"I—do you keep hoes?" asked Blifkin, as he looked about vainly for a sight of the article.

"Hoe? Yes, sir; this way; third aisle to the left. Miss Pillsen, will you please show this gentleman our latest styles of hoes?"

Then the floorwalker hurried away, leaving Blifkin standing before a pretty young woman, who said: "Something for your wife, I suppose?"

Blifkin blushed. "I—ah—I—er—I am afraid the floorwalker doesn't understand what I—"

"Of course not! Those floorwalkers are such a stupid lot! Now let me show you something real swell in hoes—thread—linen heels, soles and toes—all the rage; and we've marked 'em down from five to twenty-five cents. You know we sell more hoes than all the rest of the stores in town put together."

"I beg your pardon," began Blifkin; "but I—"

"Well, perhaps these ribbed varieties will suit your wife better. No? Well, then, here's something swager in polka dots—fast colors, and only fifteen cents a pair."

Blifkin's face grew redder. "Let me tell you—"

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do know what you want better than I do; I am merely suggesting to you. I can give you the new styles in Richelieu ribbed, or cadet grounds in blue, pink, purple, cerise shades, every tan combination as well, and very taking. We sell a thousand pairs of these—"

"Will you let me—"

"Certainly; but being the head clerk of this department I thought I could give you some suggestions as to what you should buy. I have hurried down an imported hose—just in from Paris, but they are expensive, and I hardly think you would care for them. They come so high—"

"I don't care if they come four feet high!" exclaimed the exasperated Blifkin. "If you will let me explain, I don't want this kind of hose at all, young woman, I—"

"Oh, you want men's hose, do you? Why didn't you say so in the first place, then? You know I meant high in price, you mean, hateful, old—!"

Blifkin didn't wait to hear the rest of the sentence. He hurried down another aisle as if in a trance, until he found another floorwalker.

"Hoes!" he muttered hoarsely. "I'm after hoes! Have you got such a thing in this store? And tell me when I can find 'em. No monkey work, now, young man!"

"Hoe? Why, yes, sir; of course we have hoes—best in town, too. Right this way—down that aisle to the left. Simpson, you will show this gentleman the different kinds of hose we carry?"

Simpson rubbed his hands and smiled affably. "Hoe! All right. Guess we can satisfy you. Suppose you want something pretty good; don't pay to get the cheap kind when you get hoes. Now, here is an article we can guarantee to last in forty-foot lengths, and is only six cents a foot, with a nozzle throw in, and we make you a present of a full repair outfit as well."

"But, young man, I don't want that—"

"Well, then, here's something more expensive. Warranted genuine Para rubber all through; won't crack, split, or get out of shape. I'll give you a guarantee for a year, too; and if it splits anywhere, bring it back and get your money. Costs you ten cents a foot," and Simpson paused to catch his breath.

"I am looking for a—"

"Bargain, eh? Well, here's another grade—biggest bargain in town; used to be the best in the store, marked down to only eight. Cost us more than that; but we bought pretty heavy on this grade, and we're making a special drive in it."

Blifkin had been trying vainly to get a hearing, and when Simpson paused, he thundered out: "See here, you young monkey! Who in Balak said I wanted to get a hose?"

"Yes, that floorwalker, sir," said Simpson, as he rubbed his hands. "You're a lot of smart Alecks. If you would give me a chance to get a word in, I would tell you the kind of goods I am looking for. I want a hoe, not hose; do you understand? Can you grasp the idea with its full meaning? Hoes, iron hoes, the kind you use for digging weeds out of the garden—got a long, wooden handle on 'em that you work so fashion—"

"Oh, a hoe, eh? Oh, I see now. Why didn't you say so in the first place, then?"

"Why didn't I say so? Wasn't I trying my best to tell you all the while you were working that mug and shooting off that jaw of yours? Now, if you have got such an article or implement, say so; and if you haven't got it I'll go where folks know what a man means, without all this infernal nonsense," and Blifkin glared at the awed clerk like a caged hyena.

"The hardware department is down in the basement."

"By thunder! Some folks are the biggest fools on the face of the earth. Women's hose, rubber hose, men's hose! Huh!"

Teacher—Meter means measure. Thus, a gas meter measures gas. Can any one tell me what the meter in poetry measures?

Johnny—Hot air.

Cholly (proudly)—"By Jove! I'm quite a professor of swimming, don't you know. I taught Mabel Galey how to swim in two lessons. Jack—Gad! I'll show you how to swim—"

Cholly (indignantly)—"What do you mean? Jack—Why, she let me give her ten lessons before she learned."

INCORPORATED TORONTO 1895.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.
(Affiliated with Toronto University.)
DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
Kindergarten to Post Graduate Musical Training

SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION
Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutter, Principal.
Send for Calendar.

MR. RECHAB TANDY
TENOR
Teacher of Artistic Singing.
Studio—Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD
BARITONE SOLOIST
Conductor of the University of Toronto Glee Club. Open for engagements in Oratorio, Concerts, Etc.
Advanced pupils accepted.
Studio—Nordheimer's.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
CONCERT BARITONE
TEACHER OF ADVANCED SINGING
In London, England, from June till Sept.

THE FAMOUS
SHERLOCK MALE QUARTETTE
(of Toronto.)
Open for engagement and better than ever.
Address—J. M. Sherlock, Rooms 5-8, Nordheimer's, Toronto.

MR. and MRS. ALFRED JURY
TEACHERS OF SINGING
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, a specialty.
Studio—36 Alexander Street.

NATURAL VOICE CULTURE
EDWARD BARTON
CONCERT BARITONE
STUDIO—681 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO

MR. G. D. ATKINSON
Teacher of Organ and Piano Playing.
Organist and Choirmaster Wesley Church.
Studio—Room 19, 2 College St. 118 Harbord St.

TRIPP
THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST
Studio for lessons—
Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MRS. H. W. PARKER
SOPRANO
For Dates, Terms, etc., apply to
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

MISS JENNIE E. WILLIAMS
SOPRANO
Pupil of William Shakespeare, London, Eng.
Teacher of Singing, Toronto Conservatory of Music, season commencing Sept. 1904.
For terms, dates, etc., address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 328 Huron Street.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
MR. H. M. FIELD
Returns from Europe in August and will be in Toronto for the coming season.
Address 105 Gloucester St.

FRANCIS COOMBS
BARITONE
Teacher of Tone Production and Singing Metropolitan School of Music.
Teaching during July and August
Bell Piano Warehouses—146 Yonge Street.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—146 Ossington Avenue

DAVID ROSS
BARITONE AND TEACHER
In England and France till September.
Communications to be sent to 32 King St. W. Toronto.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in the Advanced Grades of Piano Playing.
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Address—168 Carlton Street, or Conservatory of Music.

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Presbyterian Ladies' College and Upper Canada College.
Address—496 Spadina Ave

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
AND
TEACHER OF ADVANCED PIANO-PLAYING
Studio at Mason & Rich, or Toronto College of Music. Residence—12 Madison Avenue.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
VOICE CULTURE
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music.
225 Seaton Street.

H. KLINGENFELD
SOLO VIOLINIST AND TEACHER
Address—306 Jarvis Street, or Conservatory of Music.

A. T. CRINGAN, Mus. Bac.
Teacher of Vocal Culture and Art of Singing. Careful attention given to tone placing and development.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music. Residence—635 Church St., Toronto.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy
Instruction in the Art of Piano Playing
Metropolitan School of Music; Bell Piano Warehouses, 146 Yonge Street. Residence, 125 Brock Ave.

INCORPORATED 1890.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
(IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.)

F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc., Musical Director
Midsummer Term—Five Weeks
Course in Piano, Vocal, Organ and Theory
Calendar and Syllabus on application.

Miss Mary Hewitt Smart
SOPRANO
VOICE CULTURE
Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto College of Music, Toronto.
Studio—Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

FRANK C. SMITH
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND PIANO
Studio—Toronto College of Music, or Williams' 143 Yonge Street.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall. 21 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

LORA NEWMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Pupil of the world-renowned Leschetizky. Recently returned from Vienna. Concert engagements and a limited number of advanced pupils accepted. For dates and terms, address Nordheimer's, King St., or 278 Jarvis St.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Andrew's College
FOR...
Boys
Toronto, Ont.
Upper Canada College

Canada's National School for Boys
FOUNDED 1859.
Deer Park—Toronto

Principal—HENRY W. AUDEN, M. A.
Formerly Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge.
Late Sixth Form Master of Fettes College, Edinburgh.

The College re-opens for the Autumn Term on Thursday, September 8th, 1904.
The regular staff comprises 14 graduates of English and Canadian Universities, with additional special instructors.
50 acres of grounds and complete equipment. Separate double Infirmary Building for cases of illness. Physiotherapy and treatment of old pupils.
Separate Preparatory School Building for boys between the ages of 9 and 13, with separate staff and equipment.
Examinations for Entrance Scholarships will be held on Saturday, September 10th. Special Scholarships for sons of old pupils.
For calendar and all particulars apply to THE BURSAR, Upper Canada College, Deer Park, Toronto.

St. Monica's
Residential and Day School for Girls
Re-opens September 12th.
Prepares for the Universities and for the Examinations in Art and Music.
Teachers specialists in the various departments.
Beautiful and extensive grounds.
For prospectus apply to
MISS PHILLIPOTT, Lady Principal.

WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
RE-OPENS SEPT. 8th.
340 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Canada.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; E. McGilvray, R.C.A. Art Director; Miss M. Parsons, in charge of Domestic Science Department. For announcement and information, address the principals.
MISS M. CURLETTE, B. A.
MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

BRANKSOME HALL
102 Bloor St. E. TORONTO.
A High-Class Residential and Day School for Young Ladies.
Under the joint management of Miss Scott, formerly Principal of the Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and Miss Merrick, formerly of Kingston.
Autumn term begins Sept. 7.
For circular apply to MISS SCOTT, Principal.

Toronto Junction College of Music.
MISS VIA MACMILLAN, DIRECTRESS.
3 Piano Scholarships (\$50.00 each) to be competed for in September

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
193 BEVERLEY STREET
Vocal, Violin, Piano, Theory, Expression and Physical Culture. Meyers Music Method for beginners. Thoroughly competent staff and high standard work in all departments. For particulars call or write.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AND EXPRESSION
SIMPSON HALL 734 YONGE ST.
General Classes and Teachers' Course Re-open October 1st.
Private Recreative and Curative Work arranged for at Gymnasium during July and August.

Whaley, Royce & Co.
LIMITED
Canada's Greatest Music House

Everything in Sheet Music
AND Musical Instruments
Our collection of RARE OLD VIOLINS, 'CELLOS, etc., is THE LARGEST AND BEST ever imported into Canada. Inspection invited.

INSTRUMENTS ALLOWED ON TRIAL
158 YONGE STREET - TORONTO

Special Values in Fine Violins
Write for new Catalogue (free) containing list of noted violin makers, photo engravings of celebrated artists, and photographic reproductions of "Fine Violins," ranging in price from \$40.00 to \$5,000.00.
Special violins sent on seven days' examination. Monthly payments arranged. Formal certificates of genuineness with each instrument.

The R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., Limited
143 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Varsity Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evenings, College of Music.

Chrystal Brown
Oratorio and Concert Tenor
Soloist Central Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa.
Now booking engagements in Canada.
Address—ERIE, Pa.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAIT PAINTER
Studio—24 King Street West

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
McKinnon Building, Toronto
Room 210. Phone—Main 180.

RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.
CANADIAN PACIFIC
\$32.80
WINNIPEG AND RETURN
July 23rd, 24th and 25th, via North Bay, all rail route.

\$41.30
AND RETURN
ST. LOUIS
\$19.20
Good returning to Toronto until August 26th.

THROUGH SLEEPER
leaves Toronto for ST. LOUIS at 7:55 p.m. DAILY.
Tickets and full particulars from Canadian Pacific agents, or A. H. NOTMAN, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
TO THE
Tourist Resorts
Delightful Vacation Trips
Muskoka Lakes, \$4.50 to \$7.00.
Georgian Bay, \$4.75 to \$6.75.
Sault Ste. Marie, Mackinac, \$24.75.
Port Arthur or Ft. William, \$34.75.
Special Reduced Rates to Points on Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay for Sunday Outing Eastern Resorts

Quebec, \$20.85. Halifax, \$40.00.
White Mountain Resorts, \$24.00 to \$25.50.
Seaside Resorts, \$24 to \$26.
Trains from Toronto 9:00 a.m. and 10:30 p.m.

To the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.
6:00 a.m. and 4:40 p.m., daily, with through Pullman sleepers.
\$19.20 Round Trip from Toronto, with stop-over privileges at Chicago, Detroit and intermediate Canadian stations.
For tickets, illustrated literature and full information call at City Office, North-west corner King and Yonge Streets.

R&O Ticket Office,
2 KING ST. E.

Toronto-Montreal Line
Steamers Toronto and Kingston
3 P.M. (Daily for Rochester, 1000 Islands, Rapids, etc. Lawrence, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Tadoussac, Saguenay R. ver, New York, Boston, Albany.)
Connect cars are made at Charlotte, Clayton and Montreal with all rail lines. Good connection made at Charlotte for New York and Boston.

"Hamilton-Montreal Line."
7.30 P.M. (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Fort, Montreal and intermediate ports.)
Low Rates on this line.

Saturday-to-Monday Excursion
3 P.M. every Saturday, Charlotte, Kingston, 1000 Islands, Brockville and Prescott, arriving in Toronto Monday, 6:45 a.m., by Steamer Kingston.
Tickets and further information, apply to R. & O. Agents, or write
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Niagara River Line
6 TRIPS Daily, Except Sunday
Steamers leave Yonge Street wharf at 7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3:45 p.m. and 5:15 p.m., for Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., Niagara Gorge R.R. and International R.R. Arrive Toronto 10:30 a.m., 1:15 p.m., 3:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m.
Low rates and attractive routes to St. Louis Fair.
Family Book Tickets now on Sale at General Office, 14 Front Street East.
R. W. FOLGER, Manager.



July 18th, 1904.

The United Arts & Crafts,
Toronto.

Dear Sirs:-

I beg to enclose you cheque in settlement of your account for the furnishing and decorating of the Niagara Golf and Tennis Club, and take advantage of this opportunity to express to you our great satisfaction at the manner in which you have done this work. The artistic originality displayed has been very much admired.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Enclosures

THE EMPORIUM OF Rare Persian Rugs



We have always over 2000 pieces of Rare and Antique Persian Rugs to choose from. It is a great satisfaction to buy an Oriental Rug at our store, as every piece is guaranteed to you genuine hand-made, and their history and characteristics explained by our native salesmen.

adies are invited to inspect our new collection of Oriental Kimonos, Mattees and Russian Laces, Embroidered Silk Blouses, Etc., Etc.

Out-of-town orders always given our careful attention.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

(CANADA'S EXCLUSIVE ORIENTAL STORE.)

40 King Street East — TORONTO
WINNIPEG. — LOS ANGELES.

VIAMI

THE
TORONTO VIAMI CO.

SUITE L,
CONFEDERATION
LIFE BUILDING,
TORONTO,
CAN.

PHONE—MAIN 3049.

**6 TICKETS
FOR
ONE DOLLAR**

Good for admittance to the grounds at any time or to the grand stand in the afternoon only during all the

**Canadian National
EXHIBITION
TORONTO**

NUMBER STRICTLY LIMITED

They can be procured at any time before SATURDAY, AUG. 27th from any authorized agents throughout the city.



Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock did not leave for Muskoka, as reported. Their little daughter was ill, which changed their intention.

Mrs. and Miss Brouse will spend some time on the Atlantic coast. They leave immediately.

A charming home is almost completed in Crescent road for Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee, who will move in next month.

Major and Mrs. Mason are home from their bridal trip. They returned last week.

Mr. Thomas H. Stinson of Hamilton is a guest at Hanlan's Hotel.

Mr. Alan Gilmour of Brockville is this week the guest of Mr. Ralph Britton of Gananoque.

Mr. Clarence Kidd of Trinity College School, Port Hope, has entered the service of the Imperial Bank at Fergus. He was T. C. S.'s best man at cricket and Rugby, and the school loses a shining light in athletics.

Mr. S. Crawford Richards, one of Winnipeg's very popular young men in social and athletic circles, is to row for Winnipeg in the junior singles and doubles at the Canadian Henley, and after the regatta will spend his vacation in Toronto. Mr. Richards was a member of the Winnipeg Hockey Club's seven which played for the Stanley Cup last winter.

Mr. J. Argue Stinson of Hamilton and Mr. Robert Y. Cory of Halifax are guests at Cranston Island, Muskoka, at Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar's cottage.

Mr. William W. Ferguson of St. Andrew's College is at North Bay for his vacation, where he is very popular.

Mr. William Martin, Jr., of Upper Canada College has gone to Winnipeg, and is spending his vacation at Keewatin on the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. Kenneth L. Patton, who was a guest at Hanlan's Hotel, is spending the next few weeks at Keewatin, Lake of the Woods.

Among the guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are: Miss K. H. Richardson, Miss E. H. Richardson, Mr. W. L. Richardson, Mr. W. L. Richardson, Mr. S. F. Colt, Mrs. A. M. Finch of Lancaster, N.Y., Mrs. F. L. Lovelace, Miss Katherine M. Lovelace of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss Ormsby of Cortland, N.Y., Katherine Ormsby of Pittsburgh, Pa., Mrs. A. M. Chidester, Miss Chidester of Dobbs Ferry, N.Y., Mrs. William Hall of Youngstown, N.Y., Mrs. George Bence, Miss Connors, Miss A. T. Thacker, Mrs. M. Hook of London, Mrs. George M. Rioch, Miss Margaret Rioch, Miss Edna Travy of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Rutledge of Detroit, Mrs. E. W. Schuch, Dr. John A. McCollum, Mr. K. McCollum, Mr. R. Louis Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. Charles Kyle, Mrs. Bickford of Toronto; Miss Macy of England, Mrs. Moran of Chicago, Mr. T. J. McGuire of New York, Mr. R. McGuire of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Miss Irene Louise Ritchie, daughter of the late John Ritchie, Jr., and Mr. Donald Walter Deeks were married Saturday afternoon, July 9, at St. Peter's Church. It was a quiet but very pretty event, witnessed by only a few of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride was given away by an old friend of the family, Mr. James Watt. Her wedding costume was a very pretty one consisting of an Eton suit of cream Doukhobor homespun, opening over a blouse of point d'esprit, in which she looked very charming. Her going-away hat was a white Panama, edged with sapphire and blue panne. Miss Edith Ritchie, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and was prettily attired in blue chiffon, voile over white, with white tulle chapeau to match. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Bertram Deeks. Among the many handsome gifts received by the popular young bride was a splendid diamond and pearl sunburst from the groom. The bridesmaid received a beautiful pearl bracelet. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Carey Ward, assisted by Rev. H. S. Musson, rector of Holy Innocents' Church, Indianapolis, Ind. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon at Frou's Neck, Me., and other points in the Eastern States. They expect to return in about a week to the Alexandria, where they have taken apartments.

St. Monica's Prospectus.

St. Monica's residential and day school for young ladies have issued a very attractive prospectus which they mail to inquirers upon request. The prospectus indicates that St. Monica's is a very beautifully situated and thoroughly equipped institution, with very capable tutors in matriculation work, music and art under the able superintendence of Miss Phillips, the lady principal.

When Anna Gould Entertains.

Whenever the Countess de Castellane digs into the Gould fortune for the purpose of entertaining, she gives Paris something to talk about. Her most recent fete was as sumptuous as those of the past. The Duke and Duchess of Thurn and Taxis were the guests of honor, and the countess stood beside them on a raised platform banked with roses. The best society of Paris bowed before the American hostess and her noble guests, and then retreated in wonderment to study the gown the countess was wearing. Jay Gould's daughter has become a past mistress of the art of dressing, and on this occasion her frock was a marvel. It was a pale yellow chiffon velvet, and the skirt was covered with orchids deftly embroidered. These orchids were outlined in gold threads, and the color scheme of mauve and yellow was unusual. It is said ten women worked on the countess's gown day and night in order to finish the embroidered flowers. The bodice was trimmed with real orchids, and all the Castellane jewels added a further brilliant touch to the orchid costume.

Mistress—if you want eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place. Bridget—O'll minton it to the hins at wanst, mum.

of New York, and Mrs. John B. McCulla of Maple Creek, Assinibola, N. W.T., sisters of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Greene left on the 6.30 boat for a trip through the Western States, the bride wearing a becoming suit of pale gray basket-cloth. Before going to their new home in Sturgeon Falls they will spend a few days with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, their daughter and Miss McGee are spending their summer at Grand Metis, Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land are at Burlington for the season. Mr. Land has entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. T. Godson and the Misses Godson are spending the summer in Muskoka.

Applying the Principle.

Ikey—Fader, I haf made a mistake in gifting der change to dot last customer. I gave him dvenydy-life cents too little. His Father—Vell, Ikey, some wise man has said dot ve should try to brofit by our mistakes.

Mad Dog.

"THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN," published in 1883, says, for the bite of a mad dog: "Take ash-colored, ground liverwort, cleaned, dried and powdered, half an ounce; of black pepper, powdered, a quarter of an ounce. Mix these well together, and divide the powder into four doses, one of which



Remain until the funeral.

must be taken every morning, fasting, for four mornings successively in half an English pint of cow's milk, warm. After these four doses are taken, the patient must go into the cold bath, or a cold spring or river, every morning, fasting, for a month. He must be dipped all over, but not stay in (with his head above water) longer than half a minute if the water is very cold. After this he must go in three times a week for a fortnight longer. He must be bled before he begins to take the medicine.

It is very difficult to know just what is the best thing to do when a person is bitten by a mad dog, but my advice would be to kill the dog. After that feel the part of the leg where bitten, and ascertain how serious the injury has been. Then go home and put on another pair of pantaloons, throwing away those that have been lacerated. Parties having but one pair of pantaloons will have to sequester themselves or excite remarks. Then take a cold bath as suggested above, but do not remain in the bath (with the head under water) more than half an hour.



It only irritates him.

If the head is under water, you may remain in the bath until the funeral, if you think best. When going into the bath it would be well to take something in your pocket to bite, in case the desire to bite something should overcome you. Some use a common shingle-nail for this purpose, while others prefer a person's friend. In any event, do not bite a total stranger on an empty stomach. It might make you ill.

Never catch a dog by the tail if he has hydrophobia. Although the end of the dog is considered most safe, you never know when a mad dog may reverse himself.

If you meet a mad dog in the street do not try to quell him with a glance of the eye. Many have tried to do that, and it took several days to separate the two and tell which was mad dog and which was queller.

The real hydrophobia dog generally ignores kindness, and devotes himself mostly to the introduction of his justly celebrated virus. A good thing to do on observing the approach of a mad dog is to flee, and remain fled until he has disappeared.

Hunting mad dogs in a crowded street is great sport. A young man with a new revolver shooting at a mad dog is a fine sight. He may not kill the dog, but he might shoot into a covey of little children and possibly get one.

It would be a good plan to have a balloon inflated and tied in the back yard during the season in which mad dogs mature, and get into it on the approach of the infuriated animal.

This plan would not work well, however, in case a cyclone should come at the same time. When we consider all



Remain fled.

the uncertainties of life, and the danger from hydrophobia, cyclones and breach of promise, it seems sometimes as though the prison-house were the only

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.

Summer Resorts

Spend the
Summer at

Caledonia Springs

and cure
yourself of
rheumatism

Dri k "Magi" Caledonia Water at the Springs, the original and only Caledonia Water that bubble up out of the earth and cleanse the system of every trace of gout and rheumatism. These famous healing waters are a specific for all forms of Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles and by their wonderful cures during the last 50 years have become known all over North America.

The Grand Hotel

is one of Canada's finest. Newly furnished—equipped with every comfort and convenience. Perfect service and cuisine. Amusements for all.

For rates, routes, etc., address—

FREDERIC A. JONES, Manager
Caledonia Springs, Ont.

Grunwald Summer Resort

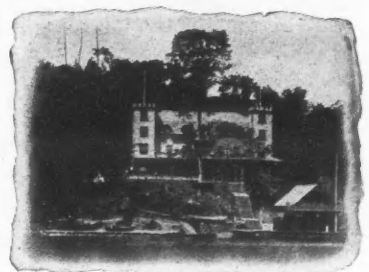
Highlands of Muskoka

Steamboat connection twice daily during the season. Daily mail on premises. Good boating, bathing, etc., etc. Latest cuisine equipment. Write for booklet to

W. L. GALL, Manager.

Huntsville, Ont.

After June 15th, address
Grunwald, Muskoka, Ont.



"THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Is something absolutely
unique in this world."

President Roosevelt.

The popular route to this delightful spot is via Union Pacific to Monida, thence by stage to all points in the park.

The stage ride from Monida, by the splendid Concord Coaches of the Monida & Yellowstone Stage Co., through scenery hardly inferior to the park itself.

Very low rates during June, July, August and September

Inquire of

F. B. CHOATE, G. A.,
126 WOODWARD AVE.,
DETROIT - - - MICH.

PYMS NEW HOTEL

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA. UP-TO-DATE in all its appointments. NEW ANNEX recently opened affording total accommodation for 75 guests. LOFTY ROOMS, well furnished and most comfortable. Modern Sanitary arrangements. House lighted by Acetylene gas. Special attention is given to the cuisine. Terms \$1 to \$1.50 per day. Special rates for period. Address Mr. Ed. Pym, Huntsville, Ont., for further details.

HOTEL BRANT

Burlington, Ont. \$4.50 from Saturday until Monday after breakfast. Coach meets Toronto boats on Saturday; also trolley connections. In order to popularize the New Hotel and Annexes we are making the following rates:

Two in a room, from \$10 to \$15 per week. Single rooms from \$12 to \$20. In the Bachelors' Hall rented to gentlemen only, the Wigwam to Ladies only, American plan \$5 and \$6 per week. Popular priced Club breakfasts and special table d'hôte dinners. Beautiful lawns facing Lake Ontario. Just the place for conventions. CHAS. B. TRUITT, Manager.

Huntsville Sanitarium and Rest Home

HUNTSVILLE, MUSKOKA. SUPERBLY LOCATED on the west bank of the Muskoka River. All Modern Conveniences and Appliances. Rates \$8.00 to \$25.00 per week. Hot and cold baths, shower baths, medicated and electric breezy laubs, always ready.

Write J. W. HART, M.D.C.M., Medical Superintendent, Huntsville, Ont., for further details.

The Queen's Royal Hotel

ON THE LAKE. WINNETT & THOMPSON, Proprietors.

NOW OPENED FOR BUSINESS. Special rates for June

New Casino, New Golf Links

and greatly improved in every way.

L. M. BOOMER, Manager.

place where a man could be absolutely free from anxiety. If you discover that your dog has hydrophobia, it is absolutely foolish to try to cure him of the disease. The best plan is to trade him off at once for anything you can get. Do not stop to haggle over the price, but close him right out below cost.

Do not tie a tin can to the tail of a mad dog. It only irritates him, and he might resent it before you get the can tied on. A friend of mine, who was a practical joker, once sought to tie a tin can to the tail of a mad dog on an empty stomach. His widow still points with pride to the marks of her late husband's teeth on the piano. If mad dogs would confine themselves exclusively to practical jokes, I would be glad to endow a home for indigent mad dogs, out of my own private funds. "Pick-Me-Up."

Limit of Laziness.

Two dorkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hundred watermelions." "Hum-yah! Dat would suttinly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hun'd watermelions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermelions."

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me youse powahful stingy, Moses. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

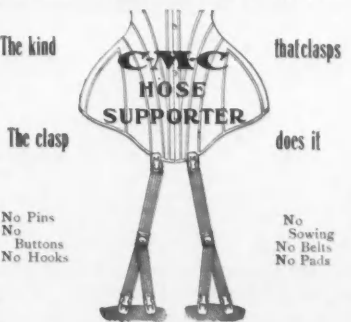
"No. Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggar, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin laxy dat yo' caln't wish fo' yo' own watermelions?"

Mrs. Casey—An' phat did th' doctor say ailed ye? Mr. Casey—Appendicitis. Mrs. Casey—Och, worra! Oi knew he'd said dat if ye wore that new Sunday suit.—"Judge."

Supplies for the Camp and Summer Cottage

Michie & Co.

7 King Street West, Toronto



Will not tear the finest Silk or Lisle Stocking.

Especially Adapted to the Straight-Front Corset.

More effective than either belts or pads.

Sold by all leading stores or sent by mail, postpaid. Mercurized, 35c. Silk, 75c. Send for catalogue.

Wholesale Selling Agents

C. H. WESTWOOD & CO., Limited
60 Yonge St., Toronto.



You are sure to
need a

Flask and Drinking Cup

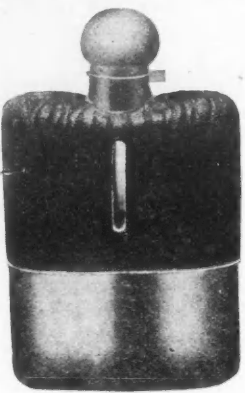
this Summer.

We have the largest stock in Canada to
choose from.

Drinking Cups

in glass and metal.

Avoid using the glass or
cup at a public drinking
fountain. We sell every
conceivable style. Prices
—25c. up to 3.00.



Flasks

When traveling it is a good
plan to carry liquor of some
kind. You never know when
you will need it.

Leather covered from 35c. up to 5.00.
Metal covered from 2.50 up to 4.00.

Our Catalogue "S" is worth send-
ing for, it illustrates beautifully the
Traveling and Leather Goods we
make.

We pay Ontario Express charges.

The Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co.,
Limited

105 King St. West, Toronto.

ROGERS—97 YONGE ST.—ROGERS

Special Values IN Brass Bedsteads

We have just placed on sale two lots of high-
class metallic bedsteads and children's cribs,
comprising the exhibits of two prominent makers
at the recent Furniture Trade Exposition. Need-
less to say every bedstead in the lot is
first-class in construction and finish. We
obtained them on very favorable terms and
have marked the prices "close" for fast selling.

The Rogers Furniture Co.

Limited
97 YONGE STREET

CHAS. POTTER - 85 YONGE ST
Spectacle Department.

Broken Lenses Replaced at Potter's

During your holidays at the lake-
side or in the country you may
easily break your spectacles or
eye-glasses, or may even lose your
glasses altogether—and you may
for the moment forget the name and
address of Potter.

These lines are printed to remind
you that the house of Potter is doing
business throughout the heated
term and is ready to give you the
finest service whether you are at
home or abroad. His Majesty's
mails will quickly carry your pack-
ages to and from your present
abode.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.

Judges, Lawyers, Doctors,
Ministers and especially the Ladies
are delighted with

MRS. MEYER'S FISH MEALS...

served daily at the Lake Shore
Parlors at Sunnyside.
For particulars, telephone to
Park 905.

Rustle (to conductor)—Which end of
the car do I get off? Conductor (po-
litely)—Either you prefer; both ends
stop!

Deodorizethe Sk in

Get rid of that unpleasant odor of
perspiration by taking a Turkish Bath
at Cook's. A Turkish Bath removes the
decomposing tissue deposited on the skin
by profuse perspiration in a way that no
ordinary bath can accomplish.

It cleanses the skin.
Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.
Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m.,
during the day, or all night, including
bed, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths

202-204 King Street West, Toronto

CARNAHAN'S

Only graduated Druggists employed.
Prescriptions promptly delivered to
any part of the city.

W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN,
Carlton and Church, & East Toronto
Telephone Main 2195 and Beach 18.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., Minister.

Church closed for vacation. Services resumed the
first Sunday in September.
Mr. Sunderland's sermons and books may be obtained
at Vannevar's, 438 Yonge St. For Unitarian pam-
phlets and other literature, free, apply to Mrs. E. D.
Thompson, 308 Jarvis street.



SOCIETY

THE engagement of Mr. John
Young Reid of Toronto and
Miss Georgia Robinson, eldest
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry
Robinson of Winnipeg, is announced.

The Misses Shephard of Buffalo, who
have been visiting Mrs. Staunton in
North street, returned home on Wed-
nesday.

Mr. William Jennings and his son
have taken Mr. Harry Grantham's
house in Albany avenue for the sum-
mer.

Mr. A. R. Creelman and the Misses
Isabel and Marion Creelman have gone
to the west coast. Miss Jennings came
on from Montreal to town on a short
visit last week.

Mr. Herbert E. Roaf of Liverpool is
at the St. George.

Miss Nora Denison, who has been
visiting friends in Toronto, left on
Thursday for her home in Winnipeg.
Her engagement to Mr. Douglas Mc-
Murray was announced before she left.

Lady Gzowski is expected home to-
day or to-morrow. I see by the papers
that the transfer of the Gzowski home-
stead in Bathurst street will take place
on October 1, when the city will enter
into possession.

Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick continues to
make most satisfactory progress to-
wards complete recovery from an operation
for appendicitis. He is still at Close-
burn, being nursed by Lady Kirkpat-
rick, who has certainly earned a
diploma in this invaluable accom-
plishment.

The verandah tea is in free swing,
not only in the homes where city folk
like to linger, but in the less se-
cluded Island residences which give
upon the noble Ontario, or nestle amid
trees on side avenues. The modern
summer home is not complete without
its set of furniture for these pretty
functions, and a new fad gives table-
cloths designed especially with views
of sea or mountain for the covering of
the rustic or wicker table. One of the
prettiest little verandahs on the break-
water is Mrs. Ross Gooderham's, where
the young hostess and her delightful
guest, Miss Benge, are most hospitable.
Strollers are apt to miss a graceful
hostess near by, Mrs. Warren, who is
now abroad, but instead welcome an
old friend at "Breakwater," Mrs. Mc-
Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cassels have
gone over to their Island residence near
the Sick Children's Hospital. Mrs.
Vincent Hughes and her little son went
over for a visit to Mrs. Cassels on
Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Sybil Seymour have
not, I am informed, gone to Fort Hope,
as was announced last week, but to
Windermere, Muskoka, an unsigned
note to that effect having reached me
by post.

The engagement of Mr. W. R. Nel-
ly of Orillia and Miss H. E. Lynn of
Toronto is announced.

This afternoon there will be rowing
races and a matinee dance at the
Argonaut Club house, beginning at 3
o'clock, for which invitations were out
early in the week. The cards limit the
festivities to nine o'clock, but the club-
house is a place to "linger longer" in,
as was evidenced last month at the
first of the three popular hops of the
season. Mr. A. C. Bedford-Jones is
secretary-treasurer, and the committee
promise good races and excellent music
for the dancers.

Lady Meredith has gone, as usual,
to Scarborough Beach, for the sum-
mer, taking with her the pretty fiancée
of her late son, Miss Helmut of Law-
ton Park.

Canon and Mrs. MacNab have gone
to Cacouna for a month's holiday.

The first polo game of the season
was played at Sunlight Park on Wed-
nesday between the "Proteus" team
of Calgary and the Toronto Hunt Club
team.

Miss G. M. M. Rose sailed from New
York on the "Cedric" on Friday, after
three months' sojourn abroad. On her
return Miss Rose and her mother, who
is living in New York, will take up
their residence in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Ecclestone of
Spencer avenue gave a very deligh-
tful lawn party on Friday evening to
a number of their friends. The grounds
were beautifully decorated with flags
and Chinese lanterns, and an abun-
dant of pink climbing roses and crim-
son ramblers gave a very brilliant ef-
fect. An orchestra, stationed on the
lawn, which was appreciated by all
present. Dr. Malcolm Sparrow sang in
his usual finished and happy style sev-
eral selections, among others one of
the songs given by Melba on her last
visit to Toronto. Light refreshments
were served from a tent on the lawn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Smallpiece
have returned to Montreal after a
month's visit to Mrs. Smallpiece's
father, Mr. Logan, Deputy Warden,
Central Prison Park.

Miss Mae Dickson of 607 Sher-
bourne street is visiting Mrs. G. R.
Baker, Florence Island, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor and
Mrs. R. J. Fleming have left for Cape
May, N.J.

Mrs. D. A. Thompson of New York
City, who will be remembered in mus-
ical circles here as Miss Bertie Kelly,
and Miss Eva Nathan of Montreal are
the guests of Mrs. N. L. Martin of
Cowan avenue.

Mrs. and Miss Gladys Murton of
Oshawa are at Windermere, Muskoka.

Mr. A. Warren Larmour has been
transferred from Ottawa to the To-
ronto office of the Bank of Commerce.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert and family of
Herwood Lodge, Rosedale, left on Fri-
day last to spend the summer at Hut-
ton House, Muskoka Lake.

Mrs. MacIntyre, who has for eight
years, since the death of Principal Mac-
Intyre, D.D., sustained the onerous
duties of Principal of the Presbyterian

Ladies' College, recently disposed of
the school and gave up all connection
of utter devotion to her work, and the
prosperity of the college is the best
tribute to her capability. Mrs. Mac-
Intyre will now enjoy a well-earned
leisure time and will shortly take a
tour in the Old World.

All the Same.

"I HAVE a suggestion to make,"
St. Peter's chief secretary
stood respectfully just inside
the gate, as that Venerable
Being sat and kept tabs on
the latest arrivals.

"Your suggestions," said St. Peter,
"are always good, and I shall listen to
this one with pleasure. Hello! What's
this?"

"One hundred and ten people killed
in a railroad accident," announced the
doorkeeper.

"Show 'em right in," replied St.
Peter. "I'll take care of them in one
moment. What were you about to
say?" he added to the chief secretary.

"Owing to our present crowded con-
ditions," said the secretary, "it seems
advisable to make some better classi-
fication than—"

"Eighty-five people killed in one day
by automobiles," announced the door-
keeper.

"All right," said St. Peter. "Let 'em
wait a minute."

"Than at present," continued the
chief secretary. "You see they are all
kind of mixed up, every mansion hav-
ing a heterogeneous crowd—"

"Eight hundred women and children
roasted in a theater," announced the
doorkeeper.

"Very well," said St. Peter. "Don't
let them block the entrance. Have
them stand aside a few moments until
I get this idea. Go on, Mr. Secre-
tary."

"As I was about to say," said the
chief secretary, "what we ought to do
is to classify the people of each nation
by themselves. They are more at home
with each other, they speak the same
tongue and they have the same remi-
niscences."

"Twelve hundred people sunk in an
excursion steamer," announced the
doorkeeper. "Also a few odd souls
killed by falling buildings, crossing
streets, run over by trolleys and hurt
by dynamite."

"All right, all right," replied St. Pe-
ter. "Put 'em with the rest. Your
idea," he said, turning again to the
chief secretary, "is excellent. System
is what we want. Each country by it-
self. You can begin at once by al-
lotting space to this crowd that has
just arrived."

The chief secretary bowed. "But they
are not all from one country, are
they?"

"Sure," said St. Peter. "I haven't
examined them personally, but I know
from the nature of the deaths that they
must be from the United States."—
"Life."

Not the Same Kind.

The anxious mother rings up what
she thinks is the day nursery to ask
for some advice as to her child. She
asks the central for the nursery, and is
given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist
and tree dealer. The following con-
versation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the
nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little
Rose."

"What seems to be der matter?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but
just a general listlessness and lack of
life."

"Ain't growing right, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I tell you vat you do. You
dake der skissors und cut off apoud two
inches vrom der limbs, und—"

"Vha-a-a!"

"I say, dake der skissors und cut off
apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und
den turn der garten hose on for apoud
four hours in der morning—"

"Vha-a-a!"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud
four hours in der morning, und den
pile a lot of plack dirt' all around, und
shpringle mit insect powder all offer der
top—"

"Shpringle mit insect powder all offer
der top. You know usually id is nodd-
ings but pugs dot—"

"How dare you? What do you mean
by such language?"

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally
causes der troubles; und den you vant
to vash der rose mit a liquid prepara-
tion I huff for sale—"

"Who in the world are you, any-
way?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye!"—
Buffalo "Express."

End of the Game.

It was his move.

He made it, captured a pawn, and
announced:

"Mate!"

"I see," she pouted. "But you had
the advantage of a bishop."

"Some day, Bella," he whispered,
pursuing the advantage, "may I mate
you with the assistance of just a com-
mon preacher?"

After which there was no more chess
playing.

The editor of an English paper re-
cently received a fine chicken, which he,
supposing it to be a token of apprecia-
tion from a discriminating reader, took
home and enjoyed for dinner. The fol-
lowing day he received this letter:
"Dear Editor—Yesterday I sent you
a chicken in order to settle a dispute
which has arisen here. Can you tell us
what the chicken died of?"

One afternoon little Johnny happened
to look up and see the moon, and as he
had never seen it before in the daytime,
he ran into the house and exclaimed:
"Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on
God." "Why, what do you mean, dear?"
asked the astonished mother. "He for-
got to take the moon in this morning,"
explained John.—Ex.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Jackson—At 56 Shannon street, Toronto,
on Thursday, July 21, Mrs. E. S. Jack-
son, a son.

Brownlow—July 18, Toronto, Mrs. C. H.
Brownlow, a son.

Baldwin—June 12 at 43 Higaohikatahs
Nagoya, Japan, Mrs. J. Macqueen
Baldwin, a son.

Blewett—July 19, Toronto, Mrs. F. J.
Blewett, a daughter.

Codd—July 16, Toronto, Mrs. H. F. Codd,
a daughter.

Ferguson—July 16, Toronto, Mrs. Harry
Ferguson, a son.

Home—July 19, Rosedale, Mrs. Wm.
Home, a son.

Home—July 20, Toronto, Mrs. Charles M.
Home, a son.

Martin—July 14, Toronto, Mrs. Percy
Martin, a son.

McCaw—July 20, Newmarket, Mrs. Robt.

Our Latest Success
in the
NORDHEIMER

Style "Art Nouveau"
PIANO
Full Descriptive
Catalogue upon
application.
15 King
St. East
Toronto



Rhens

.. Natural Mineral Water ..

Bottled at the "Rhens" Spring
in Germany—Rhens on the Rhine.

..... FOR SALE AT

Bingham's Palm Garden

AND LEADING HOTELS

G. McCaw, a son.
McLeod—July 18, Woodville, Mrs. Alex.
B. McLeod, a daughter.
Morson—July 14, Toronto, Mrs. Walter
R. Morson, a daughter.
Simpson—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. H. E.
Simpson, a son.
Taylor—July 15, Toronto, Mrs. M. J. Tay-
lor, a daughter.
Vivian—July 19, Toronto, Mrs. Cameron
Vivian, a son.

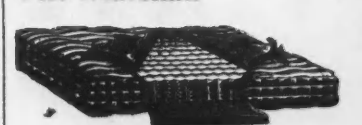
Marriages

Barclay—Sinclair—On July 20th, 1904, by
Rev. John Pearson, Arthur Forbes
Barclay to Edith Grace Louise Sin-
clair, daughter of Mrs. John Sinclair,
both of Toronto.
Greene—Bannister—On Saturday, July
16th, 1904, at St. Simon's Church, To-
ronto, by the rector, Rev. E. C. Cay-
ley, Arthur Detmers Greene of Stur-
geon Falls, Ont., to Jessie Adelaide,
youngest daughter of Mrs. Edward
Bannister, Toronto.
Hendry—McKeith—July 16, Streetsville,
Christina Wright McKeith to James
H. Hendry.

Deaths

Francis—On Wednesday, July 20th, Eliza-
beth Gellatly, widow of the late Guy
Williams Francis, Ph.D., of Baltimore,
Md.
Block—July 16, Port Credit, Jeremiah V.
Block, aged 14 years 10 months.
Bolton—July 17, Toronto, Allan Burns Bol-
ton.
Higgins—July 20, Toronto, David Higgins,
aged 80 years.
Jackson—July 18, Reston, Man., Annie
Meredith Jackson.
Jopling—July 18, Toronto, Joseph Jopling,
C.E., aged 86 years.
Moren—July 15, Cornwall, A. F. S. (Dick)
Moren, aged 85 years.
Mercer—July 17, Orangeville, Mrs. Susan
Mercer, aged 86 years.
Perry—July 20, Toronto, Arthur W. T.
Perry.
Smyth—At Toronto, Arthur Poynts
Smyth, aged 21 years.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users
testify as to its **Comfortable,**
Healthy and Durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest.
See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

Stephenson—July 17, Omamee, Thomas
Stephenson, J.P.
Stinson—July 16, Toronto, Capt. J. P. R.
Stinson.
Sullivan—July 19, Toronto, Anne, widow of
Timothy Sullivan, aged 78 years.
Woodland—July 19, Western Hospital, To-
ronto, Irene Follard Woodland, aged
28 years.

W. H. STONE
Undertaker
343 YONGE STREET.
Phone Main 932

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)
The Leading Undertaker
359 Yonge Street Phone M. 679

Read "The Cruise o' Cupid" on page 4—an ideal yarn.